

**BRITISH ASSOCIATION for the ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.—THE NEXT MEETING** will be held at DUBLIN, commencing on August 26, 1857, under the Presidency of the Rev. H. LLOYD, D.D., D.C.L., V.P.R.I.A. The Reception Room will be in the Examination Hall in Trinity College.

Notices of Communications intended to be read to the Association, accompanied by a statement whether the Author will be present at the Meeting, may be addressed to John Phillips, M.A., F.R.S., Assistant General Secretary, Madalen Bridge, Oxford; or to L. E. Foote, Esq., Rev. Prof. Jelf, and Dr. Hancock, Local Secretaries, Dublin.

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**GUYS, 1857-8.**—The Medical Session commences in OCTOBER. The introductory Address will be given by OWEN REES, M.D., F.R.S., on THURSDAY, the 1st of October, at Two o'clock.

Gentlemen desirous of becoming Students must give satisfactory testimony as to their education and conduct. They are required to pay £40 for the first year, £40 for the second year, and £10 for every succeeding year of attendance, or £100 in one payment entitles a Student to a Perpetual Ticket.

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Mr. STOCKER, Apothecary to Guy's Hospital, will enter Students, and give any further information required. Guy's Hospital, June 13th, 1857.

**OWENS' COLLEGE, MANCHESTER.**

IN CONNECTION WITH THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—TO PROFESSORS OF CHEMISTRY AND OTHERS.—The Trustees of this College are desirous of receiving proposals from gentlemen qualified and willing to undertake the office of "PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY," which is about to become vacant by the resignation of the present Professor, EDWARD FRANKLAND, Ph.D., F.R.S., F.C.S., who has been appointed Lecturer on Chemistry at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London. The Trustees propose the allowance to the Professor of the yearly salary of £150, in addition to a proportion of the fees to be received from the Students attending the classes of such Professor, and which vary according to nature and amount of the instruction required. The Professor is required to devote to the duties of the office so much of his attention as may be deemed by the Trustees necessary for the efficient instruction of the students. It is requested that applications may be accompanied with testimonials or references, and that each gentleman applying will state his age and general qualifications.

Communications addressed "To the Trustees of the late John Owens, Esq.," under cover to Messrs. J. P. Aston and Son, Solicitors, Manchester, not later than the 31st day of September next, will be duly attended to, and further information afforded if required.

It is particularly requested that applications may not be made to the Trustees individually. Manchester, 14th August, 1857.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1857.

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*Journal of the Very Rev. Rowland Davies, LL.D., Dean of Ross.* Edited by Richard Caulfield, B.A. Printed for the Camden Society.

IN this simple diary of nineteen months' incidental occurrences, we gather some particulars of much interest connected with a period of no little excitement in English history. Dr. Rowland Davies, instituted by the Archbishop of Cashel, in 1679, Dean of Ross, was one of the Irish Protestants who, together with many prelates and nobility, fled to England at the close of the seventeenth century, on the alarm being given that King James II. had already embarked, and might be expected to land daily with his forces on the shores of Ireland. So general was the panic that Dean Davies effected his escape almost immediately from Cork, along with a hundred and forty fellow passengers, leaving his wife and child behind, and only four days before His Papal Majesty landed at Kinsale. On reaching London, Dr. Davies' first visit was to Dr. Parr, Vicar of Camberwell, and formerly Chaplain to Archbishop Usher. He visited also the Bishop of Kildare and Dean of Ossory. He then waited on the Bishop of London about a provision for the clergy of Ireland, and the Archbishop of Tuam befriended him. After one or two disappointments, Dr. Davies succeeded in obtaining a Lectureship in Great Yarmouth, but only remained there a few months. Hearing of King William's expedition to Ireland, he followed him to Belfast, and obtained the appointment of Chaplain in one of his regiments. The narrative of daily events from this point is of the highest historical interest. Dr. Davies was present at the battle of the Boyne and siege of Limerick; and generally throughout the Irish campaign scarcely a day is without some record in the journal before us.

On the 24th March, about the time of Dr. Davies' arrival in London, King James entered Dublin with the view of summoning a Parliament in that city, turning out all Protestants from his Council, and giving his rebel subjects notice to quit the country in forty days. On the 11th of the following month Dr. Davies records:—

"April 11th. Very early I went to Westminster Abbey, and in the yard thereof sat with Mr. Rule and Captain F. Hamilton, and saw the cavalcade of the coronation of King William the Third and Queen Mary, who were that day crowned by the Lord Bishop of London, by commission ('tis said) by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The procession was very sumptuous, according to the printed account of it. The king went stooping, but no more under the crown than under the cap of maintenance. He looked very brisk and cheerful, and the Queen abundantly more, and I pray God preserve them! About seven in the evening I got into the park, having been at Westminster fourteen hours, and received an account that King James in Ireland proceeded very severely against the Protestants, and, notwithstanding that he had promised a pardon to the men of Bandon, many of them were indicted at the assizes and *capias* issued against them; that McCarthy had gone with him to Dublin, and a French governor left in Cork. Robberies continual."

"I went in the evening to Camberwell. I went with Dr. Parr and Mr. Higden to visit Mr. Evelyn at Deptford; there saw his gardens and varieties of trees, with several rarities, and also drank some

quince wine. He also assured me that the best time to remove any greens was in August or in the spring, and that yew grows as readily and easily from the slip as rosemary, being either twisted or bruised before it is set."

"26th. I went with Mr. Brown to Greenwich, where I visited Mr. Flamsteed, saw his two famous clocks of a year run, which varied at that time 2 and 30; also his thermometer, called a perpetual motion, because moved by itself, as the mercury rises and falls with the weather. From the top of his house I had a very fair prospect of the river, city and country. Then I returned by boat to London through a vast number of ships of all sorts; and after my landing went to the top or flame of the pyramid or Monument of the fire of London."

"May 1st. I went with Mr. Parr to visit Mr. Mercer, a famed merchant, and one of the deputy lieutenants for the city of London, who treated us very finely with Italian wine, showed us his fine gardens and a fine Spanish jennet, which he himself rode to divert us, and he presented me with a guinea and Dutch piece of silver, which I believe he mistook for another, being of the same size."

"2nd. I went with Mr. Brown to London, where I had an account that the two regiments that came back from Derry under the command of Cunningham and Richards were broke and given to Colonel Stewart and Sir George St. George. Captain Boyle also assured me that in two days he was promised to be provided for. I then saw Lieutenant Congreve and Ensign Beverly, and returned in the evening. I saw also this day many milkmaids dancing in the streets, with their pails upon their heads dressed with garlands, and hung with plate of great value."

The journey to Yarmouth, in 1689, occupied from two to three days. The coach started at half-past three in the morning:—

"June 30th. I preached at Wandswoth on John xii. 35, and after evening prayer was carried to Lambeth in Sir St. John Brodrick's carriage. Thence I came home, and went with Mr. Wade to take leave of the Archbishop of Tuam, and to crave his benediction. Then I took leave of my cousin Bradshaw, and went to the Green Dragon in Bishopsgate Street, where we met Mr. Brown and lodged that night."

"July 1st. About half an hour before four in the morning I took coach for Yarmouth, and came by twelve o'clock to Bishop's Stortford, where we dined; thence we passed through Newmarket, and came to Bury, where I saw St. Edmund's abbey, and we lodged that night in the inn."

"2nd. Having left Mr. Stern at Newmarket, I came forward with Mr. Bendish, Mrs. Clarke, and Mrs. Bailly to the place where we dined, and about half-past seven at night came to Yarmouth."

Here is a curious note on the construction of an orrery:—

"December 14th. In the evening Mr. Milbourn came and sat with me, and showed me an account of an automaton projected and made by Mr. Watson of Coventry, whereby all the stars' motions and planets were exactly represented in clock-work, and all the problems and observations in astronomy therein fully answered."

The first anniversary of the accession of William and Mary was thus celebrated at Yarmouth:—

"February 13th. Being the day of their Majesties' accession to the crown, the bailiffs and aldermen went to church in their scarlet gowns, and returned in a solemn procession. As they passed by all the guns in the East Fort were fired. I dined at Mr. Bailiff England's in much company. After dinner I went to the coffee-house, where I spent some time with Mr. Benjamin England, Mr. Fowle, and Mr. Reynolds. Thence I went with Mr. Reynolds, Captain Robins, and Dr. Cotton to the King's Arms; where they treated me with wine and oysters."

Here is an entry which illustrates the

kind of society Dr. Davies mixed with on his return to London:—

"March 4th. I went to prayers at St. James's, and thence to the park, where I met Mr. Crow, and talked to him about Mr. Ryder. Then I returned home to dinner. In the afternoon I visited my sister Matthew; and then went to Lady Mary Boyle's, being invited to toss a pancake. There I supped with the Earl of Orrery, Major Palmes, Captain Culliford, Mr. Morris and his lady, Mr. Beverly and his lady, Charles Oliver, Mrs. Phillips and her daughter, and Catty Southwell, where we were very merry, and stayed together until three in the morning. Then I went and lodged with Mr. Oliver in St. James's Street."

"5th. I went to St. James's church, and heard Dr. Tenison preach. After which I went to the Park, where I met the Archbishop of Tuam, and walked with him until evening, when we went, together with Sir H. Bingham, to view a house for his grace in Westminster, and thence home."

"12th. I went in the morning, being the fast-day, to St. Clement's church, where I heard Dr. Hascard preach. Then went home and dined. In the afternoon I went to the Park, where I met the Archbishop of Tuam, and went with him to the King's chapel, where we heard Dr. Grove preach. Then we returned to the Park, and walked with Sir Henry Bingham and Captain Eyre, who gave me an account of the retirement of the Irish forces, and the strength of our fleet. Then I waited on his grace to the Mum-house, and thence to his lodgings. As I returned I met a drunken Jacobite in St. Paul's churchyard, who threatened to beat me for being a clergyman, and make me damn my doctrine; but I came home safe. \* \* \*

"28th. I met my brother at the coffee-house, and went with him to the Court of Requests. Then we returned, and went with Mr. Horace Townsend and P. Crosby to the Roebuck in the Haymarket, and dined for eightpence. After dinner we had a famous bout of wrestling between Danter, a shoe-maker of Ireland, and one Burton, a printer, and I won a bottle of wine on the latter's head; after which I sat with Alan Brodrick and some others, and spent eightpence. Then coming home, I was invited to the Swan in the Strand, and treated by Sir John Vowell."

In the following month (April, 1690), appears a curious entry detailing a scheme which Dr. Davies and some friends concocted amongst them for raising money:—

"April 6th. In the morning I preached at St. Giles's church on 2 Cor. v. 20. I dined at Dr. Sharp's, and after dinner went and heard him preach at the chapel of Whitehall. In the evening I went to the Park, and meeting my brother, J. Hasset, and Haws Cross, I told them I could procure money from Captain Fuller at fifty per cent. on the reduction of Ireland. They engaged me to attempt it for them; so we went and supped at the Royal Oak in Essex-street for sixpence, and so came home."

"7th. In the morning I met my brother, J. Hasset, S. Morris, and Haws Cross at the coffee-house, and had another conference with them about the money; and they desired me to get, if I could, one hundred pounds for my brother, one hundred pounds for J. Hasset, one hundred pounds for S. Morris, and fifty pounds for Haws Cross; which I undertook, resolving also to have fifty pounds for myself; wherefore I sent a note into the House of Commons to Captain Fuller, and he came out to me, and appointed us to draw an abstract of our proposals, and to meet him at Garraway's Coffee-house in the evening. We dined at the Roebuck for one shilling each, and then I drew up our proposals of fifty per cent. Then my brother and I went to the Swan near Holborn-bridge, and he borrowing a mare there, we rode out into Hyde-park, where I spent one shilling and sixpence. At our return we went to the coffee-house, to meet our friends, who called on me at the stairs, and so we went by water to the city. As appointed, we met Captain Fuller, and went to the Swan in Ex-

change Alley, where I gave Captain Fuller the proposals, and, there being five Yarmouth men in company, and five Irish, we were treated, and so came home in a coach for six pence.

"8th. I went to the apothecary's to get an electuary for my cough, and then through the Park and to the Court of Requests, where meeting the Earl of Orrery, my brother, Sam Morris, and John Hassel, we dined in Hell for seven pence. Then I waited the rising of the house; and went into the Hall with Captain Fuller, who accepted our proposal, and promised me the money, and ordered me to draw a bond and judgment for the payment of six hundred pounds at Dr. Hawes's house in Wood-street, within a month after the King and Queen were in possession of Dublin and Cork, and give it him in the evening to peruse, which I promised. Then I returned to the coffee-house, and, having drawn the bond, &c., I showed it to my friends; after which Mr. Pyne called my brother, and made proposal of a wife to him, of a wife with two thousand pounds on the nail, which he communicated to me immediately, and I desired him to consider of it."

In June Dr. Davies proceeded to Belfast, and obtained an appointment as Chaplain in one of William's regiments. The two kings met on the banks of the Boyne, and we have the following spirited account of the battle:

"June 30th. At two in the morning we decamped again, and marched toward Drogheda, where we found King James encamped on the other (side) of the Boyne; we drew up all our horse in a line opposite him within cannon-shot, and as his Majesty passed our line they fired six shot at him, one whereof fell and struck off the top of the Duke of Wurtemberg's pistol, and the whiskers off his horse, and another tore the King's coat\* on the shoulder. We stood open during at least twenty shot, until, a man and two horses being killed among the Dutch guards, we all retired into a trench behind us, where we lay safe while much mischief was done to other regiments, and in the evening drew off and encamped behind the hill.

"July 1st. About six in the morning the Earl of Portland marched up the river almost to the bridge of Slane, with the right wing, consisting of twenty-four squadrons of horse and dragoons and six regiments of foot, and at two fords we passed the river where there were six squadrons of the enemy to guard the pass; but, at the first firing of our dragoons and three pieces of cannon that marched with us, they all ran away, killing nothing but one of our dragoon's horses. As soon as we passed the river, we saw the enemy marching towards us, and that they drew up on the side of a hill in two lines, the river on their right, and all their horse on the left wing: their foot appeared very numerous, but in horse we far exceeded. Whereupon the Earl of Portland drew us up also in two lines, intermixing the horse and foot by squadron and battalion, and sent away for more foot to enforce us; and thus the armies stood for a considerable time, an impassable bog being between them. At length six regiments of foot more joined, and we altered our line of battle, drawing all our horse into the right wing; and so outflanking the enemy we marched round the bog and engaged them, rather pursuing than fighting them, as far as Duleek. In the interim Count Solmes with the foot forced the pass under our camp and marched over the river with the blue Dutch regiment of guards; no sooner where they up the hill but the enemy's horse fell on them, ours with the King being about half a mile lower passing at another ford. At the first push the first rank only fired and then fell on their faces, loading their muskets again as they lay on the ground; at the next charge they fired a volley of three ranks; then, at the next, the first rank got

up and fired again, which being received by a choice squadron of the enemy, consisting mostly of officers, they immediately fell in upon the Dutch as having spent all their front fire; but the two rear ranks drew up in two platoons and flanked the enemy across, and the rest, screwing their swords into their muskets, received the charge with all imaginable bravery, and in a minute dismounted them all. The Derry regiment also sustained them bravely, and as they drew off maintained the same ground with a great slaughter. His Majesty then came up and charged at the head of the Enniskillen horse, who deserted him at the first charge, and carried with them a Dutch regiment that sustained them; but the King's blue troop of guards soon supplied their place, and with them he charged in person and routed the enemy, and coming over the hill near Duleek appeared on our flank, and, being not known at first, made all our forces halt and draw up again in order, which gave the enemy time to rally also, and draw up on the side of the hill, a bog and river being between us, and then they fired two pieces of cannon on us, but did no mischief; but, as soon as our foot and cannon came up, they marched on, and we after them, but our foot being unable to march as they did, we could not come up to fight again, but, the night coming on, we were forced to let them go; but had we engaged half an hour sooner, or the day held an hour longer, we had certainly destroyed that army. However, we killed the Lord Duncane, Lord Carlingford, Sir Neal O'Neal, and about three thousand others, and lost Duke Schomberg, Dr. Walker, Colonel Caillimotte, and about three hundred more. We took Lieutenant-General Hamilton and several officers and soldiers prisoners, and, it being very dark, were forced to be in the field all night with our horses in our hands."

This may be followed, without comment, by a few miscellaneous extracts illustrative of the scenes of which Dr. Davies was then an observer:—

"July 3rd. We broke up our camp in the morning, and marched to a place within two miles of Swords, where three hundred citizens of Dublin came out to the King and to congratulate our victory, assuring us that King James was gone, and advised that no blood be spilled to exasperate us. Whereupon two battalions of Dutch foot were sent forward, and a party of the horse guards toward Dublin.

"4th. We lay still in our camp, and I went to Dublin to see my Lord Primate, whom I found very well and cheerful. In the afternoon the Dutch guards took possession of the castles, and the Duke of Ormond, with the horse, the outguards of the city. In the evening I went with Frank Burton and some others to the Three Tuns, and we lay together at Robert Foulk's lodging in Wine-tavern street.

"5th. Our army marched forward and encamped on the west of Finglass. In the afternoon the Colonel and I went to the Court, and thence to Johnstown to visit Colonel Moor and his lady, and so came home.

"6th. The King went in the morning to Dublin and heard Doctor King preach at St. Patrick's church. I preached in the camp, and after sermon walked to Dublin and dined at Dean Burgh's. In the evening I met the Colonel and some other of our officers, and sat awhile (with) them at the Three Tuns in St. Michael's lane, and then we returned together, I riding Lieutenant Meredith's horse, and the city full of bonfires.

"7th. I went with the Colonel to Dublin, and we dined at the London Tavern, and spent the day in visiting our friends.

"8th. His Majesty in person viewed and took a general muster of all the army, and was fourteen hours on horseback, only for one quarter he did alight to eat and drink. In the evening, the Lord Bishop of Meath and Limerick, with many of the clergy, came to the camp to wait on his Majesty. The Bishop of Meath made a long speech, one expression whereof seemed to touch the clergy that went from England in King James's reign. His

Majesty was brief and full in his answer, promising to maintain the Church and Protestant religion, and giving them leave to form a thanksgiving for their deliverance. After which he went to supper, and we home.

"13th. Being Sunday our whole army halted, and by yesterday's pillage were full of beef and mutton. I preached in the field, against swearing, on James v. 17, and while I was in the sermon seven prisoners were led along our line in order to their execution, and among them one of our regiment; whereupon our Major took horse immediately, and went to the General to get him off, which he did; the rest threw dice to save their lives, and three of them were executed.

"14th. We marched to Carlow, and baited on our way at Hangerlin Bush. As we passed two of the Enniskillen dragoons hung by the way-side with papers on their breasts exposing their crime, and thereby our march was very regular, without any such excursions or pillaging as before. \* \* \*

"August 17th. In the morning I preached at Drumkeen on Luke i. 68, and in the evening we had an account that our men were to enter the trenches this night, the Duke of Wurtemberg, Major-General Kirke, and Brigadier Stewart commanding; which in the beginning of the night they did, and in a little time beat them out of two forts, with the loss only of one man killed and three wounded; but of the enemy two hundred were killed, no quarter being given but artillery quarter, in so much that their courago was heard into the camp. The King and Prince were in person to see the action, and stayed abroad until three in the morning. This day Major Margaretson was shot by a cannon ball on the hip and side of his belly as he lay in his tent, and little hope of his recovery is to be had."

The remainder of Dr. Davies's Journal is occupied with his descriptions of the siege of Limerick. A smart action was fought on the 27th of August, but King William had to beat a retreat:—

"August 27th. We all went from Drumkeen to the camp, to see the action. I visited the Earl of Meath, and dined with Captain Stearn, that regiment being just going into the trenches to relieve Lieutenant-General Douglas; but he desired not to be relieved until the action was over, that he might command and hold that post. After dinner I went to the King's camp, and was presented by Captain O'Bryan to the Prince; soon after which the King and he rode up to the hill near the old church, and we got to the same ditch a little lower. About half an hour after three the attack began, and continued above two hours and a half. Never was any action undertaken with more bravery, nor carried on with more courage. We stormed and took the Black Fort: therein they [sprung] a mine, and blew up many of the Brandenburg regiment. We took their trenches, and mounted the breach, but were forced to retire; the barricade within it was so strong, and the place so flanked, that we could not hold it. It was a very hot service, both great and small shot firing continually on both sides. We lost many men, and had more wounded, and of them the Lord Charlemont was bruised with stones; the Earl of Meath was bruised with a stone on the shoulder, and Lieutenant Blakeney wounded in the head. We heard that the Duke of Wurtemberg was killed, Kirk and Cutts wounded, &c. I was forced to come away as soon as the action was over, and so could not get an account of all the particulars thereof.

"28th. This day a drum was sent to demand a parley, in order to bring off and bury the dead; but it was denied by the enemy; whereupon our cannon with bombs and carcasses played furiously, and it was generally talked that a fresh attack would be made out of hand. We now had some account of our loss to be near one thousand killed and wounded; but that the Duke of Wurtemberg and Kirk were untouched. We lost near fifty officers. There were actually some of our men in the city, but were beaten out, being not seconded, it being not the King's order to storm the city, but

\* The buff coat worn by William on the eve of the battle is now in the possession of Robert Thompson, Esq., of Ravensdale. It is perforated at the spot next the shoulder in which King William received his wound. The dimensions of the coat prove that William was a man of small stature.—*Ulster Journal of Archaeology*, Appendix, 1856, p. 91, note.



only to attack the counterscarp; by which mistake all the action miscarried.

"29th. This day a general council was held, wherein it was determined to break up the siege, and retire; and accordingly all the heavy cannon was drawn up from the battering into the artillery yard, and all things disposed accordingly for a retreat."

In a month from this date the city yielded:

"September 28th. The enemy not accepting of the conditions offered, our cannon and bombs began to play most fiercely, it so much that a breach in the city began to appear plainly; and when the enemy appeared on the wall near it they were raked off by our small ordnance from the Cat. Last night a captain, lieutenant, and forty men were posted in the Brickyard, near Gillabey, to hinder the enemy from making their escape that way through the marsh; and accordingly, some attempting it about midnight, Captain Swiney and four more were killed, and Captain McCarthy taken, being desperately wounded, and the rest forced into the city again. About one of the clock, the tide being out, the Danes from the north, and the English from the south, passed the river into the East Marsh, in order to storm the breach that was made in the city wall, and immediately the van posted themselves under the bank of the Marsh, which seems to be a counterscarp to the city wall. In which approach the noble Duke of Grafton received a mortal wound in the point of his shoulder. The *Salamander* also and another vessel which came up the morning tide lay at the Marsh end directly before the wall, and played their cannon at the breach, and shot bombs into the city. In the midst whereof the Earl of Tyrone and Lieutenant-Colonel Rycout came out and made articles for a surrender, the fort to be ours in an hour and the city next morning; all in arms to be prisoners of war. In the evening the fort was received by us, and the Protestants were set at liberty, and all was full of joy."

Here Dr. Davies' Journal abruptly terminates. Mr. Caulfield has illustrated it throughout with notes, chiefly of genealogical interest, and it is accompanied with an appendix and capital index.

*Quinland: or, Varieties in American Life.*  
2 vols. Bentley.

"UNQUESTIONABLY," says one of the critics of 'Maud,' "it would be better if our hero were not at the same time dead and alive." We quote this remark, not for its intrinsic sagacity, or its applicability to Mr. Tennyson's poem, but for its expression of a feeling common to all the sons of men. We are by nature classifiers and system makers. We love definiteness and precision. We like to have a place for everything, and everything in its place. The rules which we find so indispensable for the management of our secular concerns we are apt to transport into the world of intellect; when we meet with a new author we are seldom satisfied if we cannot identify his school, explain his tendencies, and assign him his proper station in the republic of letters. Posterity, indeed, is far from invariably confirming our judgment, and frequently sees reason to pronounce writers whom the precipitancy of their contemporaries has included in a single class, to possess in fact no closer bond of union than the insects of an entomologist's collection, whose original diversity of species is anything but annulled by their agreement in the weighty matters of camphor, labels, pill-boxes, and pins. But the rules that govern our appreciation of the departed are rarely applied to contemporaries, and the author, too great or too angular to fit into any recognised system of classification, is likely to share the

fate of the vicar of Wakefield's family picture, for which, when unable to accommodate itself to the dimensions either of the dining-room, or of the drawing-room, or the small breakfast parlour, nothing remained but an inglorious location against the kitchen wall.

Something like this, we fear, will be the fate of 'Quinland.' We have taken care to distinguish between the books that are *above* the comprehension of their contemporaries and those that are only *beyond* it, and have only to add that we wish we could see any good reason for including the one before us in the former division. We have no doubt that the author considers himself to have achieved something very extraordinary, and it is sufficiently evident that he has at least made the attempt. There is about 'Quinland,' as Keats said of his own *Endymion*, "every symptom denoting a feverish endeavour, instead of a deed accomplished." The incoherence which is the besetting sin of the whole story indicates, not that the writer is visited by conceptions too vast for utterance, but that he really does not know what he means. There is thought, but the thought that spends itself in thinking what it ought to think; not the calm crystal-like offspring of a serene intelligence, nor yet the dim vague yearning that seeks to express something for which it has no words,—

"Like a dumb creature that sees coming danger,  
And breaks its heart trying in vain to speak."

There is emotion, but it is the emotion of a cataclysm, giving birth to nothing but sound and bubbles. There are gleams of genius, but they dart across and display a mental chaos. We cannot see the writer's purpose. Is his book a spiritual autobiography? Then why the artificial though most improbable story, the crowd of characters, the pains lavished on very unpleasant delineations of New York existence? Is it a picture of manners? Then surely we are entitled to ask, with some incredulity, whether a scene like this, powerfully as it is narrated, be one of the 'varieties' even of 'American life.'—

"Midnight at length came. Mr. and Mrs. Tompkins were weary with their experiments, and told Dr. Hoogstragen that it was then his turn. Nothing could exceed his delight. He rubbed his bony palms together; crossed himself upon the forehead and upon the breast; traced upon the ground with his finger a circle, which we were not to enter for our lives, in the centre of which he placed a small image of the Virgin. He then took a small melting-pot, knelt by the side of it, muttered over it a prayer in an unknown tongue, then put into it a piece of silver, a piece of iron, and a piece of copper, and a leaf of paper upon which were traced some strange-looking characters, which had been saturated with I know not what chemical mixture. He half filled the pot with some liquid and placed it upon a low furnace. The moment the pot began to simmer, the alchemist began to read aloud from a manuscript, not a word of which I could understand. That reading, continued without interruption, sounded like a voice from the grave. Mr. and Mrs. Tompkins seemed to be fascinated by it, and I own that it had for me an indescribable terror. At length the liquid in the melting-pot had evaporated, and soon there began issuing from it a blue blaze, a blaze that seemed to issue from an exhaustless fountain beneath, as though some tiny demon had succeeded in boring its way out from the sea of fire pent up in the earth's bosom to upper air, and was followed by a jet of flame. As soon as the blaze made its appearance, the alchemist dropped his manuscript and cried '*Gailch, gailch, gailch*,' three times in a most unearthly tone. The cry was repeated at intervals of one or two minutes, during a half-hour. It was like the low moaning cry of an exhausted

agonized mother for her lost child. The word with him seemed to mean gold, but whether it is found in any language under the sun is more than I can tell. That cry pierced me to the soul, and made the blood freeze in my shivering body. It did not then seem to me strange that the superstitious inhabitants of the Bohemian mountains should have regarded him as an emissary of his satanic majesty, and have undertaken to drive him from the haunts of living men. His look was as terrible as his cry. In the glare of that blue light, he seemed a veritable spectre, much more appalling than the first corpse I looked upon with unaccustomed eyes.

"The blue blaze at length ceased, and Dr. Hoogstragen, with the eagerness of a vulture over its prey, searched in the melting-pot for gold. When he found his pieces of metal in the same condition as when he put them there, a convulsive sob escaped him; then over the visible part of his haggard face there came a mingled expression of disappointment, resignation, exhaustless patience, and unconquerable hope.

"Mr. Tompkins whispered to me, as we were ascending from the laboratory, that his wife was a disciple, and that he tolerated the strange man for the sake of the practical instruction to be gained from him in chemistry."

Still, we would not despair of the author of 'Quinland.' There is more hope for insanity than for stupidity. It is easier to cultivate a wilderness than the sand of the sea. He who wastes his strength may, better advised, accomplish much that could never even be attempted by him who has no strength to waste. Perhaps the absurdities of 'Quinland' are but the hallucinations of inexperience, perhaps the fermentation of youth, perhaps even the wanderings of genius in quest of its legitimate field. In any of these cases there is hope of the author. We should recommend him to trust for the future more to his powers of observation, and less to his faculty of conception. It is most certain, that for one man possessed of original creative power, there are five hundred who can give an intelligible and interesting account of what they themselves have felt and seen. That this is quite sufficient to ensure more than an average success is shown by the popularity of such books as the 'Wide Wide World,' and the 'Heir of Redclyffe,' the authors of which, with all their admirable qualities, are surely very innocent of the higher inspirations that indites a 'Blithedale Romance,' or a 'Jane Eyre.' It is possible that the author of 'Quinland' may possess this also, but it is an ominous circumstance that, while his attempts at high imagination usually result in bombast or abortiveness, his descriptions of persons and events less removed from the ordinary, are often eminently clear, graphic, and to the point. Take the following page from the experience of a honest farmer:

"You see, the country is new in these parts. I came here with my brother Charles, and we pushed three miles into the woods beyond any settlement. We 'took up' a hundred acres of land apiece. We had to pay the Combination Land Company three dollars and three quarters an acre. We paid one hundred dollars down, and gave a mortgage on our farms for the rest of the money. We then ground our axes, and began cutting down the forest to make a clearing. We built us a hut in the woods, and went two or three times a week to the nearest settlement to get provisions. A piece of broiled bacon and some bread wasn't bad, Sir. Well, during the summer we 'slashed' about forty acres, and went to work for Squire Jones in the winter; the same Squire Jones where I got the cider. By the way, Hepsy, make us some 'nut-cakes,' and bring us the cider. Well, as I was saying, we worked for Squire Jones in the winter; that is, we thrashed Squire Jones's wheat for every tenth bushel, and



allowed him a bushel a week apiece for board and lodging. We had a hundred and fifty bushels of wheat in the spring, and the Squire himself paid us a hundred dollars for it. Wheat wasn't very high then. We had to pay about twenty dollars apiece to the Combination Land Company for interest on our mortgages. When it came dry in the spring, we burned the 'slashing' we had made the previous summer. It's a grand sight to see a 'slashing' burn. We piled together the smaller timber on five or six acres, and burned it up; then among the large black trunks of trees we planted beans, corn, and potatoes, and sowed turnip-seed. We then went at it and built each of us a house out of logs,—this is the very house, Doctor. After the houses were built we went at it and cleared off a piece for wheat. We cut the bodies of the trees in pieces, hired a yoke of oxen, and piled the logs into heaps and burden them up. We got five or six acres of ground ready, and sowed it with wheat. In the fall we harvested the corn and beans, and not having any barns, we divided them, and each put his half in one end of his own house. The potatoes and turnips were dug and buried. We had spent our money by that time for provisions, clothes, for one thing or other, and went back in the winter to thrash Squire Jones's wheat again. We made enough that winter to pay our mortgage money, and have fifty dollars apiece left. We then went back on foot to Oneida county, married our waiting sweethearts, and hired one team to bring us and our household goods to our clearing in the wilderness. It was spring, the birds were singing, and we sung too. You should have seen, Doctor, what havoc the rats, mice, and squirrels had made with our corn! But we had enough left to live upon during the summer, and the wheat looked green in the field. We soon got oxen, cows, sheep, pigs, chickens, and everything to make us comfortable. That very summer the whole family of Quinlands followed, and now we go by the name of the Quinland settlement. My brothers are all here with their wives, and my sisters with their husbands."

This passage, occurring near the commencement, inspired us with great hopes for the remainder of the story, which we were proportionately sorry to find passing off into a vague unreality that defies analysis, and which must, we fear, have led Mr. Carlyle to regard the dedication of the book to himself as an act of homage and submission on the part of his old enemies, the Windbags. Nevertheless the work is interesting, first as a psychological curiosity, secondly, for the curious side-views it affords of American life. We wish these were of a satisfactory description. But when we compare the accounts brought by every mail of the lawlessness and "rowdiness" of mobs, with this writer's pictures of the excitement of spirit-rappers, the frenzy of gamblers, the consuming cupidity of speculators, the desperate struggles of poor students, and the unbounded license of the press, it is hard to avoid the conclusion that the Great Republic is suffering at once from gangrene of the limbs and hypertrophy of the brain.

*Life of George Washington.* By Washington Irving. Vol. IV. Henry G. Bohn.

NAPOLÉON, conversing with Lafayette, about the American Revolution, spoke slightly of the small armies that were engaged in the war, and sneered at the "boasted battles." "Sire," was Lafayette's reply, "it was the grandest of causes won by skirmishes of sentinels and outposts." The story of the Revolution, in its leading incidents and its important results, will never lose its prominent place in history, but the detailed narrative of the events of the war, even in the hands of a writer like Washington Irving, is,

for the most part, dull and dreary reading. A hundred unrecorded skirmishes took place in the campaigns of Napoleon or of Wellington, with greater shock of arms and more decisive results than most of the so-called battles of the war of independence. At distant intervals an action was fought on a larger scale, but nine-tenths of the story of the war is really of the kind which Lafayette admitted to Napoleon. "Greene joins Morgan on the Catawba—adopts the Fabian policy—affair at McGowan's Ford—Militia surprised by Tarleton at Tarrant's Tavern—Cornwallis checked by the rising of the Yadkin,"—such is the ordinary tenor of the military movements and exploits through these years of desultory warfare. The skirmishes of outposts and marauding forays are doubtless of grand importance in formal histories of the revolutionary war, and their remembrance is cherished by local stump orators on the anniversaries of independence. But few English readers can follow them with patience. It was a miserable business from first to last, and as the Americans had right as well as might on their side, their final success was only a matter of time. Englishmen now have little satisfaction in recalling any of the temporary triumphs that prolonged the struggle, and little regret is awakened when the capture of Cornwallis and his army at Yorktown closed the melancholy strife. The description of the scene on the 19th October, 1781, is from an eye-witness:—

"At about twelve o'clock the combined army was drawn up in two lines more than a mile in length, the Americans on the right side of the road, the French on the left. Washington, mounted on a noble steed, and attended by his staff, was in front of the former; the Count de Rochambeau and his suite, of the latter. The French troops, in complete uniform, and well equipped, made a brilliant appearance, and had marched to the ground with a band of music playing, which was a novelty in the American service. The American troops, but part in uniform, and all in garments much the worse for wear, yet had a spirited soldier-like air, and were not the worse in the eyes of their countrymen for bearing the marks of hard service and great privations. The concourse of spectators from the country seemed equal in number to the military, yet silence and order prevailed.

"About two o'clock the garrison sallied forth, and passed through with shouldered arms, slow and solemn step, colours cased, and drums beating a British march. They were all well clad, having been furnished with new suits prior to the capitulation. They were led by General O'Hara on horseback, who, riding up to General Washington, took off his hat and apologized for the non-appearance of Lord Cornwallis, on account of indisposition. Washington received him with dignified courtesy, but pointed to Major-General Lincoln as the officer who was to receive the submission of the garrison. By him they were conducted into a field where they were to ground their arms. In passing through the line formed by the allied army, their march was careless and irregular, and their aspect sullen, the order to 'ground arms' was given by their platoon officers with a tone of deep chagrin, and many of the soldiers threw down their muskets with a violence sufficient to break them. This irregularity was checked by General Lincoln; yet it was excusable in brave men in their unfortunate predicament. This ceremony over, they were conducted back to Yorktown, to remain under guard until removed to their places of destination."

The number of prisoners made by the capitulation was 7073, of whom 5950 were rank and file. During the siege of Yorktown, the garrison had lost, in killed, wounded, and

missing, 552. The besiegers had about 300 killed. The strength of the combined army to which Cornwallis surrendered was about 16,000, of whom 7000 were French, 5500 American regulars, and 3500 militia. On the very day of the capitulation Sir Henry Clinton sailed from New York with a powerful fleet, carrying 7000 of his best troops, to the relief of Cornwallis. He arrived off the Capes of Virginia on the 24th, and on learning the disastrous news returned to New York:—

"In the meantime the rejoicings which Washington had commenced with appropriate solemnities in the victorious camp, had spread throughout the Union. 'Cornwallis is taken!' was the universal acclaim. It was considered a death-blow to the war.

"Congress gave way to transports of joy. Thanks were voted to the commander-in-chief, to the Counts De Rochambeau and De Grasse, to the officers of the allied armies generally, and to the corps of artillery and engineers especially. Two stands of colours, trophies of the capitulation, were voted to Washington, two pieces of field ordnance to De Rochambeau and De Grasse; and it was decreed that a marble column, commemorative of the alliance between France and the United States, and of the victory achieved by their associated arms, should be erected in Yorktown. Finally, Congress issued a proclamation appointing a day for general thanksgiving and prayer, in acknowledgment of this signal interposition of Divine Providence.

"Far different was the feeling of the British ministry when news of the event reached the other side of the Atlantic. Lord George Germain was the first to announce it to Lord North at his office in Downing Street. 'And how did he take it?' was the inquiry. 'As he would have taken a ball in the breast,' replied Lord George, 'for he opened his arms, exclaiming wildly as he paced up and down the apartment, 'Oh God! it is all over!'

Although most of the operations of the revolutionary war were on a small scale, there were frequent opportunities for the display, on both sides, of gallantry and daring. Among the British in the last campaigns, Tarleton gained great renown as a dashing and enterprising cavalry officer:—

"This 'bold dragoon,' so noted in Southern warfare, was about twenty-six years of age, of a swarthy complexion, with small, black, piercing eyes. He is described as being rather below the middle size, square-built and strong, 'with large muscular legs.' It will be found that he was a first-rate partisan officer, prompt, ardent, active, but somewhat unscrupulous.

"Landing from the fleet, perfectly dismounted, he repaired with his dragoons, in some of the quartermaster's boats, to Port Royal Island, on the seaboard of South Carolina, 'to collect at that place, from friends or enemies, by money or by force, all the horses belonging to the islands in the neighbourhood.' He succeeded in procuring horses, though of an inferior quality to those he had lost, but consoled himself with the persuasion that he would secure better ones in the course of the campaign by 'exertion and enterprise,'—a vague phrase, but very significant in the partisan vocabulary."

Tarleton soon had his dragoons better mounted, and did good work with them in many an encounter. Another daring officer under Sir Henry Clinton was Patrick Ferguson, who at last fell at the battle of King's Mountain:—

"Ferguson was a fit associate for Tarleton in hardy, scrambling, partisan enterprise; equally intrepid and determined, but cooler and more open to impulses of humanity. He was the son of an eminent Scotch judge, had entered the army at an early age, and served in the German wars.

The British extolled him as superior to the American Indians in the use of the rifle, in short, as being the best marksman living. He had invented one which could be loaded as the breech and discharged seven times in a minute. It had been used with effect by his corps. Washington, according to British authority, had owed his life at the battle of Germantown solely to Ferguson's ignorance of his person, having repeatedly been within reach of the colonel's usurious rifle."

Tarleton and Ferguson were once employed together in a successful surprise of General Huger's camp, when many Americans were taken prisoners. Mr. Irving records an honourable trait in Ferguson:—

"In the course of the maraud, which generally accompanies a surprisal of the kind, several dragoons of the British legion broke into a house in the neighbourhood of Monk's Corner, and maltreated and attempted violence upon ladies residing there. The ladies escaped to Monk's Corner, where they were protected, and a carriage furnished to convey them to a place of safety. The dragoons were apprehended and brought to Monk's Corner, where by this time Colonel Webster had arrived. Major Ferguson, we are told, was for putting the dragoons to instant death, but Colonel Webster did not think his powers warranted such a measure. 'They were sent to head-quarters,' adds the historian, 'and, I believe, afterwards tried and whipped.'"

The romantic episode of Major André, often as it has been narrated both in history and fiction, will awaken new interest as told by the biographer of Washington. Mr. Irving's long and laboured apology betrays his consciousness of this "blot" resting on Washington's fair name. The vehemence of his indignation against the traitor Arnold is not to be wondered at, although even for him there were some circumstances of extenuation. He had served his country well, and although the chief cause of his revulsion of feeling was doubtless his impression that he was ill-used, first, by the state of Pennsylvania, and then by Congress, there is no ground for excluding from his motives that which he himself alleged, his aversion to calling in the aid of France against the British Crown. Of course his negotiation for money degrades him, but it is noticeable that, according to Mr. Irving's own statement, his demand was for a sum "equal to the amount of his debts." If Arnold was so utterly base and unprincipled a man as Mr. Irving describes him, the debts he might leave behind him would not have caused him much scruple; his desire to pay them may rather be thought of as a virtuous weakness by the Pennsylvanian repudiators of a later generation. But this by the way. The question is, was André a common spy, deserving the ignominious death of the gallows? Mr. Irving labours to show that he was, and justifies even the mode of his execution. What are the facts of the case? Major André went on his dangerous service in the uniform of a British officer. Sir Henry Clinton charged him not to throw off that dress, and it was only at the last, when unable to reach the ship, and when obliged to attempt the return to New York by land, that "he was persuaded by his American guide to lay it aside and put on a citizen's coat." When in the hands of Major Tallmadge, André asked that officer "in what light he would be regarded by General Washington and by a military tribunal, should one be ordered?"—

"Tallmadge evaded the question as long as possible, but, being urged to a full and explicit reply, gave it, he says, in the following words:—I had a much-loved classmate in Yale College,

by the name of Nathan Hale, who entered the army in 1775. Immediately after the battle of Long Island, General Washington wanted information respecting the strength, position, and probable movements of the enemy. Captain Hale tendered his services, went over to Brooklyn, and was taken, just as he was passing the outposts of the enemy on his return; said I with emphasis—'Do you remember the sequel of the story?' 'Yes,' said André. 'He was hanged as a spy! But you surely do not consider his case and mine alike?' 'Yes, precisely similar; and similar will be your fate.'"

The cases were not similar. Captain Hale went literally as a spy, assuming the guise of his old profession of schoolmaster, and gathering information about the strength, position, and probable movements of the British army after the battle of Long Island. André had not gone out as a spy, and there is no doubt that the severity with which he was treated was the result of passion and resentment, on account of Arnold's escape. But the worst remains to be told. When his death was decreed, there was still a choice in the mode, and he wrote to Washington this noble letter:—

"Sir,—Buoyed above the terror of death by the consciousness of a life devoted to honourable pursuits, and stained with no action that can give me remorse, I trust that the request I make to your Excellency at this serious period, and which is to soften my last moments, will not be rejected. Sympathy towards a soldier will surely induce your Excellency and a military tribunal to adapt the mode of my death to the feelings of a man of honour.

"Let me hope, Sir, that if aught in my character impresses you with esteem towards me—if aught in my misfortunes marks me as the victim of policy and not of resentment—I shall experience the operation of these feelings in your breast by being informed that I am not to die on a gibbet."

An appeal like this could scarcely have been resisted. Washington, we are told, "took counsel with some of his general officers. Their opinions coincided with his own—that, under present circumstances, it was important to give a signal warning to the enemy, by a rigorous observance of the rules of war and the usages of nations in like cases." In other words, the chivalry of soldiers and of gentlemen was overborne by the resentment caused by Arnold's treason and escape. The conclusion of the sad tragedy we give in Mr. Irving's words:—

"Although André's request as to the mode of his death was not to be granted, it was thought best to let him remain in uncertainty on the subject; no answer, therefore, was returned to his note. On the morning of the 2nd he maintained a calm demeanour, though all around him were gloomy and silent. He even rebuked his servant for shedding tears. Having breakfasted, he dressed himself with care in the full uniform of a British officer, which he had sent for to New York, placed his hat upon the table, and accosting the officers on guard—'I am ready,' said he, at any moment, gentlemen, to wait upon you."

"He walked to the place of execution between two subaltern officers, arm in arm, with a serene countenance, bowing to several gentlemen whom he knew. Colonel Tallmadge accompanied him, and we quote his words. 'When he came within sight of the gibbet he appeared to be startled, and inquired, with some emotion, whether he was not to be shot? Being informed that the mode first appointed for his death could not consistently be altered, he exclaimed, 'How hard is my fate!' but immediately added, 'it will soon be over.' I then shook hands with him under the gallows, and retired."

"While waiting near the gallows until prepara-

tions were made, says another authority, who was present, he evinced some nervousness, putting his foot on a stone and rolling it; and making an effort to swallow, as if checking an hysterical affection of the throat. All things being ready, he stepped into the wagon; appeared to shrink for an instant, but recovering himself, exclaimed, 'It will be but a momentary pang!'

"Taking off his hat and stock, and opening his shirt-collar, he deliberately adjusted the noose to his neck, after which he took out a handkerchief and tied it over his eyes. Being told by the officer in command that his arms must be bound, he drew out a second handkerchief, with which they were pinioned. Colonel Scammel now told him that he had an opportunity to speak, if he desired it. His only reply was, 'I pray you to bear witness that I meet my fate like a brave man.' The wagon moved from under him, and left him suspended. He died almost without a struggle. He remained suspended for about half an hour, during which time a deathlike stillness prevailed over the surrounding multitude. His remains were interred within a few yards of the place of his execution; whence they were transferred to England in 1821, by the British consul then resident in New York, and were buried in Westminster Abbey, near a mural monument which had been erected to his memory."

The monument in Westminster Abbey says that Major André, "employed in an important and hazardous enterprise, fell a sacrifice to his zeal for his king and country." It adds that he was "universally beloved by the army in which he served, and lamented even by his foes." In the sculptured bas-relief a file of soldiers is represented, while André is led out as if about to be shot. Whether this be by accident or by design, it has given the impression to many that he died a soldier's death. It certainly is not generally known in this country that he was hung. Mr. Irving does not allude to this circumstance; probably he hastened past a monument suggestive of painful and discreditable recollections. One word more we add, not in extenuation of Arnold's desertion, but in illustration of André's conduct. No proof is adduced of his knowing the character of Arnold as it is represented by American writers. He may have believed in Arnold's return to loyalty, and his antipathy to French aid, and, in that case, there was no more turpitude in a British officer helping his withdrawal, than there would have been in a French loyalist aiding Dumourier to escape from the republican army after it came under the control of the agents of the reign of terror. At least André's case could have been viewed in a light that might have saved Washington from the disgrace of the mode of his death. In defending this execution Mr. Irving only shows that he is not free from the besetting sin of biographers, the indiscriminate eulogy of their heroes.

But passing from this painful subject, it is grander, from the very contrast, to dwell on the noble behaviour of Washington at the close of the war, and the dignity with which he resumed his place as a private citizen. "He had grown grey," as he said, "in the service of his country," and when the unanimous sentiment throughout the Union pronounced him the nation's choice to fill the Presidential chair, he thus wrote to Lafayette:—

"It has no fascinating allurements for me. At my time of life, and under my circumstances, the increasing infirmities of nature, and the growing love of retirement, do not permit me to entertain a wish beyond that of living and dying an honest man on my own farm. Let those follow the pursuits of ambition and fame who have a keener re-



lish for them, or who may have more years in store for the enjoyment."

Mr. Irving concludes his history "for the present," when Washington ascended the Presidential chair. Every reader will respond to the hope expressed by the venerable author, that after "the relaxation and repose which growing years require," he may resume his task, and narrate the closing events of the life of Washington.

*The Principles of Beauty.* By John Addington Symonds, M.D., F.R.S. Ed. Bell and Daldy.

This treatise is little more than an expansion of a lecture delivered by the author before the Canynge Society at Bristol. The Canynge Society had for its object the restoration of the Church of St. Mary Redcliffe. Dr. Symonds's paper was consequently appropriate to the objects of the association. The subject is dealt with by the essayist under four heads: Beauty, first in relation to Sensation; secondly, to Thought or Reflection; thirdly to Moral Sentiments; and fourthly, to Associated Emotions. It is needless to observe that a volume of only seventy-two pages, including the appendix, goes a very little way towards exhausting four such inquiries as these, and accordingly the reader is not surprised to find that the disquisitions are of a light and cursory character. The author tells us that the word Beauty has two meanings, being used in a manner analogous to that in which the word Heat is employed. "For as the latter is applied both to the feeling of heat, and also to the property in outward bodies which causes the feeling, so beauty expresses both the feeling in the mind and its external cause." No one can read this sentence without perceiving that the author writes without any distinct appreciation of the difficult and debatable ground upon which he is treading, and how every clause of his sentence bristles with metaphysical points, which have divided schools of philosophers, and furnished food for profound dissertations by Schiller, Winckelmann, V. Cousin, and innumerable others. Afterwards our author writes: "There is no better definition of what is beautiful, in its simplest essence, than the phrase which we meet with early in the Bible—pleasant to the eye. Visual pleasure is the germinal form of beauty." And then he proceeds to show how our pleasure is heightened by variety, continuity, similarity, and oddly enough by muscular sensation. His remarks at this stage, casually and unmethodically thrown together, are on a par with the simple definition which precedes them; and whilst the language and the ideas are pleasing enough, we must add that the scientific student will find little in them to elucidate his labours or add to his knowledge.

A large portion of the treatise is next devoted to an exposition of the views of Mr. D. Ramsay Hay, F.R.S.E., on the Beauty of Form. Mr. Hay is the author of a series of works since 1828, upon Harmony of Colour, and also upon the Harmony of Form. His researches and discoveries on the former subject have been of the highest value; but his later theories demand further confirmation. His system takes for its text the following cautiously worded sentence of Sir I. Newton:—

"I am inclined to believe some general laws of the Creator prevailed with respect to the agreeable or unpleasant affections of all our senses; at least the supposition does not derogate from the wisdom

or power of God, and seems highly consonant to the simplicity of the microcosm in general."

This was in answer to a suggestion by Mr. Harrington, that pleasing proportions in architecture are coincident with the harmonic ratios in sound. Mr. Harrington's attempts to establish this theory failed, being founded upon linear measurements. At this point Mr. Hay takes up the question, and adopts a system, not of linear measurement, but of angular development. His method is this. He takes a square, and from its centre draws a line to one of the angles. The angle thus formed with the base of the square is of course half a right angle, expressed by  $\frac{1}{2}$ , the simplest possible ratio. If the square be elongated into a rectangle the angle is necessarily increased, or if depressed, it is diminished, through all variations from  $90^\circ$  to  $0^\circ$ . Ellipses are drawn within these rectangles, and Mr. Hay has satisfied himself that combinations of curves inscribed in rectangles of which the diagonal angles (taken as above) are simple fractions of a right angle, such as  $\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $\frac{1}{3}$ ,  $\frac{1}{4}$ , &c., are more beautiful than others. Thus the contour of the human face is found to be traced out by two curves, one a circle, or curve of  $\frac{1}{2}$  as it is called, the other an ellipse of  $\frac{1}{3}$ . Other portions of the face are determined by angles of  $\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $\frac{1}{3}$ ,  $\frac{1}{4}$ ,  $\frac{1}{5}$ , and  $\frac{1}{6}$  of a right angle. Although these are not the same ratios, be it observed, as those of the harmonic series, yet the theory of beautiful form is supposed to be analogous to that of harmonious sound. Drawings in like manner are given of the front and side female human figure—the various curves and dimensions of which are supposed to be regulated by the cosines of those angles only which are simple fractions of the right angle. The drawings before us (which are taken from Mr. Hay's work) certainly fail in carrying out the theory; but these may be mere errors of the engraver, and without a fuller investigation than this essay affords it would be manifestly premature to come to a conclusion upon the subject. As a matter of history, however, we cannot help remarking that whilst the principal harmonic ratios were discovered by Pythagoras, we never heard of a Phidias or a Euclid speculating about ratios in the human form; and yet there were both sculptors and geometricians in those days. As a matter of fact, also, we wonder to be told that a deviation from an ellipse, say of  $\frac{1}{3}$ , in combination with a circle, is as discordant to the eye as any variation from the true dominant or true mediant note in music would be to the ear. Dr. Symonds, however, is a convert to Mr. Hay's theory, and attempts to account for it on physiological grounds, which will interest the reader as a specimen of ingenious speculation, and as the exhibition of an analogy, which, whether the theory be sound or not, is extremely interesting. In a later part of the volume the author makes some remarks upon style, which have a claim upon our attention of another kind:—

"In works of art the repetition of mere typical forms of beauty is very apt to beget a tame and insipid style. Such were the academic conventionalities against which there has been so violent a reaction in the present day. As if weary of forms of beauty, because by iteration without variety they had become stale and effete, a class of artists, endowed both with genius and industry, started up a few years ago with the seeming intention of compelling us to admire faces which express life, passion, and sentiment—though devoid of all beauty of configuration. The movement, notwithstanding the fiery zeal and eloquence of its

prophet, and the smiles and applause of fashion, will not be ultimately successful. A revolution which mistakes the reverse of wrong for right is sure to fail. The lovers of beauty, preferring what is dull to what is offensive, will rather dose over the inanities and insipidities of a drowsy dilettantism, than choose to be irritated into wakeful attention by ugly contours, disproportioned figures, and ill-assorted colours, drawn and arranged after the hard and ignorant manner of the early Christian painters, and imbued with the childish symbolism of the dismal Middle Ages."

Amongst the closing portions of the book will be found some general remarks upon the effects of sensational and mental beauty, grouped together in a discursive manner. The language of the writer is not precise; e.g., at p. 10 we hear of space being "analyzed" into angles, and we are told that when sounds mingle agreeably, "the vibrations of which they are composed" bear a certain relation to each other, whereas it is the numbers of the vibrations in a given time which bear the relation to each other of which the writer speaks. But on the other hand pleasing ideas and graceful expressions are to be met with everywhere, and the reader will be indebted to Dr. Symonds for this elegant version of some exquisite lines by Theognis:—

"Muses and Graces, daughters of high Jove,  
When erst ye left your glorious seats above,  
To bless the bridal of that wondrous pair,  
Cadmus and Harmonia fair,  
Your voices pealed a divine air:  
'What is good and fair  
Shall ever be our care,  
Thus the burden of it rang:  
'That shall not be our care,  
Which is not good and fair.'  
Such were the words your lips immortal sang."

'The Principles of Beauty' must not be considered as a formal exposition of scientific views, but as an elegant dissertation comprising some of the most obvious reflections that occur to a cultivated mind on this attractive subject.

*Victoria and the Australian Gold Mines of 1857, with Notes on the Overland Route from Australia via Suez.* By William Westgarth, late Member of the Victoria Legislature. Smith, Elder, and Co.

ONCE upon a time, says the Oriental apologue, flourished a genie who found much pleasure in going to and fro about the earth. One day his wanderings led him to a magnificent city. "When," he asked, "was this city built? and by whom?" He was answered that the date of its erection corresponded with that of the creation of the world, and that its termination was expected to prove contemporaneous with the destruction of the same. The genie smiled, and, after an interval of a thousand years, condescended to revisit the spot. In place of the city, he found a mighty forest; instead of the throngs of citizens, a solitary woodman returning from his toil, the tone of whose affirmative, as he replied to the genie's modest question whether the forest might not chance to be eternal, as the city had been before it, sufficiently indicated that he thought his querist a very ignorant fellow not to know that. Yet three times did the genie return, to find the spot successively a bay, a seaport, and a sheepwalk, and to receive from fisherman, from merchant, and from shepherd, the same undoubting assurance of the permanency of all they saw around them. At length he discontinued his observations. "I perceive," he said, "that nothing is enduring but the folly of men."

We conceive that this story demonstrates



clearly how much better it is to be a Christian subject of Queen Victoria than a heathen genie—a Pagodian dissenter, as Mrs. Finch would have called him. We plain nineteenth century people, who, whatever else we may be, are at all events confessedly no conjurers—we who can neither build palaces with lamps, nor open doors with Sesame, nor do anything that was thought right and proper to be done in the watches of the Arabian Nights—we who shave and ride on the railroad, and speculate in the funds, and do a million other things objectionable to genii—even we could tell our friend of the apologue a few matters that would astonish him. We know not where we could find a better representative of the average Saxon mind than Mr. Westgarth, the author of the book before us. He is a plain British merchant, sensible and sagacious, neither a genie nor a genius, and whose voyages, longer and more numerous than Sinbad's, would seem to have been performed without the smallest impediment on the part of either rocs or cannibals. Yet changes nearly as extensive as those which it took the genie five thousand years to witness, the merchant's experience has compressed into less than twenty. A desert—a sheepwalk—a mine—a farm—such within this amazingly brief space of time have been the aspects of the most important portion of the great continent of Australia. Every change has meant not modification but revolution. It might seem as though the history of the world were being acted over again in miniature. One could imagine that the gods had at length seen fit to assent to the modest request of the young gentleman in the tragedy, and annihilate both space and time, for the felicity, however, not of two lovers, but of somewhere about two hundred political economists.

No characteristic of human nature is more pleasing and praiseworthy than the disinterested interest it is so prone to take in what is passing away and quite unserviceable for any material use. Very likely this feeling may eventually find expression in idyls, in which bards, in one sense at least the antipodes of Wordsworth and Tennyson, will deplore the inevitable extinction of the aboriginal tribes, and embalm in immortal verse the melodious appellatives of Bungaree and Wolo Wolo. But the Australian poet who would indite the epic of his own race must unhesitatingly commence, "Now, Muse, let's sing of squatters." Unpoetical as the name may be, the history of the country is inextricably connected with the thing. We are indebted to Mr. Westgarth for an extremely lucid account of the original occupation of the land by colonists of this description, and of the bloodless revolution that is gradually transferring their domains into the hands of settlers of another class. The phenomena of Ireland and the Highlands are reversed here; the sheep is beginning to retire before the plough, and the rough gallops of the half wild herdsman are now apt to bring him face to face with the intruding miner, in whose train follow the shopkeeper and the artisan. Not, indeed, that the shepherd and the stock-keeper are threatened with extinction—the export of wool has never been greater than at present, and may never be less—but they are no longer the leading features of the colony. The sieve, not the shears, is now the emblem of Victoria.

Mr. Westgarth's history of this social revolution is well worth study, but is, perhaps,

too much like a colonial blue book to allure the general reader. He is not a writer to whom it is easy to render justice either by criticism or by extract, for his broad comprehensive method of handling his subject, which is one of his chief merits, renders moderate selection difficult and condensed discussion impossible. He deals with everything on a large scale, and while an excellent idea of the general condition of the country may be obtained from reading him through, we miss that graphic presentation of minor details necessary for our realization of a separate scene or individual. We receive, therefore, general impressions rather than definite conceptions, and come to know more of Australia than of the Australians. We still find it difficult to form a clear picture of the latter, and quite understanding that divers unpleasant things would be likely to happen to us if we went among them without money, we cannot feel certain of the ultimate result of the experiment. If, however, we are content to judge our antipodal brethren as we do the insect architects of a coral isle, not by their personal aspect, but by the visible result of their labours, we shall find ample ground both for admiration and encouragement. For the first time we are enabled to understand the past history of Victorian politics, by Mr. Westgarth's simple distribution of partisans between imperialists and colonials—the respective champions of dependence on Downing Street, and of unrestricted self-government. This is now a controversy of the past; the liberation of the colony from home control, always certain to take place sooner or later, has been accomplished without a crisis or a throes, and Victoria has now the opportunity of giving the world another proof of Anglo-Saxon capacity for self-government. Our readers will not be displeased at being shown an outline of the circumstances under which the experiment is being made:—

"The new constitution effected a great political change in Victoria, by introducing a system of government in imitation of that which prevails at home. A legislature wholly elective was substituted for one elective to the extent of two-thirds only, the remaining third consisting of crown nominees, or persons selected by the Colonial Governor, amongst whom were included the officers of His Excellency's executive government. Under this preceding system the Governor was the real executive authority; whereas, by that which succeeded it, he, as representative of the crown, retained only the restrictive or nominal headship that we recognise in a 'constitutional' government. Henceforward the majority of the legislature was to indicate, in its own effectual although indirect method, the persons and principles of the practical executive, as distinguished from its formal head.

"The imitation of the old on the part of the new country results in a somewhat hazy likeness. Traditional England, with her prestige of ancient orders and transmitted inequalities, cannot be reproduced in the rude and utilitarian colonial soil. The democratic principle is colonial conservatism. Victoria has two houses of legislation, but, in adjusting herself to her circumstances, she has made them both elective. A restricted constituency, in which the hesitating old legislature took refuge in its initiatory attempts at constitution-making, is an erroneous principle in a prosperous colony; and it is already being corrected in the first session and amongst the first proceedings of the new legislature.

"But if there is not a good imitation of the imperial system, there is at least a free use of the imperial terms. The Premier and the Parliament of Victoria are rising into current phrases. Brown, Jones, and Robinson, Esquires, M.P., have their

titles secured by official designation, and the additional distinction of 'honourable' oppresses the novitiary elements of the Victorian senate. The Assembly, which from the greater breadth of constituency is likely to have the most of public consideration and to comprise the colonial talent, exhibits the 'Ministry,' with its ministerial and opposition benches. Both are equally loyal to the empire, now that the imperial policy is one of non-interference in the local concerns; but, after preceding colonial models, they are likely to take a free scope in their antipathies to and animadversions upon each other.

"The process of transition to this free self-government from the preceding system has been an interesting feature of these Australian colonies. It is, indeed, a process still going on. The old and accustomed hands are yielding up the reins to a new management. The people will occupy eagerly and resolutely the vacated seat. Their cause has its preliminary difficulties, which, in the absence of experience and political unanimity, may be discomfited once and again at the outset. But faith in the cause can never be wanting, and the successive popular Governments that are henceforth to rule in Victoria may in the main look for the accord of the public, while they enjoy the stimulus of grave and imperative responsibilities. I write this concluding chapter after receiving in this country one month's later news since the time of my leaving Melbourne, and already there is under the new system a 'change of Ministry.' This is a great colonial event, for it is the final completion of the people's accession to the government of their own affairs. The previous administration was so far popular, in that its members had all stood the test of election by various constituencies. Approved so far by this test they all reappeared upon the new political horizon, but, as they had comprised the Government Executive under the old system, the new development could scarcely be considered complete without this final and generally-expected change."

Few states have received the sacred deposit of liberty under happier auspices than Victoria. General intelligence and practice in the affairs of the world, a virtual equality of ranks, perfect harmony among religious sects, an unanimous desire for the spread of education, sufficient material prosperity to deprive crime of its chief temptation and excuse, an entire absence of questions calculated to irritate and divide,—these are circumstances singularly favourable to the union which is strength. Doubtless these advantages are not unaccompanied by corresponding dangers; thus (as was the case in the Greek republics and in Florence) the very absence of an oligarchy of birth may prove the subtle engenderer of an oligarchy of wealth, in its turn provoking into life a selfish and unscrupulous demagoguery. But we have much confidence in the good sense of our Australian countrymen, and it is due to Mr. Westgarth to state our opinion, that if every man with a voice in the destinies of Victoria possesses as much of that inestimable quality as himself, our faint apprehensions are indeed but unseasonable ghosts, that cannot be laid too soon. We have been compelled to omit all reference to many of his most interesting passages, as, for example, his dissertations on the qualifications of an emigrant, the fluctuations of the price of labour, the endowment question, the new prosperity of Aden, and the extraordinary law of nature that prevents steamers in the Indian Ocean from making more than seven knots an hour. We can only recommend those interested in such subjects to consult his book, the more urgently as, on his own showing, the march of change is so rapid that the Australia of 1857 will be a very uninteresting subject in 1858.

## PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

*City Poems.* By Alexander Smith. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co.

*A Memoir of John Armstrong, D.D., late Lord Bishop of Grahamstown.* By the Rev. T. T. Carter, M.A., with an Introduction by Samuel, Lord Bishop of Oxford. J. H. and J. Parker.

*Varina, A Legend of Cologne.* By George Meredith. Smith, Elder, and Co.

*Geology, Minerals, Mines, and Soils of Ireland, in reference to the Amelioration and Industrial Prosperity of the Country.* By Joseph Holdsworth, Esq. Houlston and Wright.

*Remarks on the Mechanical Structure of Cotton Fibre.* By Gilbert J. French. Manchester: C. Simms and Co.

*The Young Bride. A Novel.* By Mrs. Briscoe. Three Vols. Hurst and Blackett.

*Notes on Virgil, Original and Selected.* By Archibald Hamilton Bryce, A.B. Griffin and Co.

*A Practical Guide to Italian Conversation.* By Eugene Camerlin. Trübner and Co.

*A Hundred Original Sonnets.* By L. M. S. R. Hardwicke.

THESE are no books more widely popular than Christian biographies. A biography of any kind, if faithfully written, must be full of practical lessons, and the life of a good man furnishes motives and examples of use to all classes and conditions of life. It is true that religious biographies are often written with little judgment, and the multiplication of such works is not to be commended, though the demand for them seems never satisfied. The Memoir of John Armstrong, D.D., late Bishop of Grahamstown, has the advantage of being strongly recommended by the Bishop of Oxford, who bears testimony to the piety, devotion, and genial qualities of the excellent man whose life is here narrated. John Armstrong, the son of a physician at Bishop Wearmouth, was born in 1813. His father having removed to London in 1818, he was sent to Dr. Bond's school at Hanwell, and afterwards, in 1827, to the Charterhouse, where he was for some years under Archdeacon Turton, then one of the masters. In 1832 he obtained a Scholarship at Lincoln College, Oxford, having previously studied with a private tutor as a candidate for Lord Crowe's exhibition to that college. In 1836 he took a third class degree in classics, and after holding appointments in different places, from the time of his ordination in 1837, in 1853 he was consecrated Bishop of Grahamstown in South Africa. Here he laboured with assiduity and zeal, till in 1856 he was cut off by an illness induced by fatigue during one of his professional excursions. The extracts from his correspondence fully bear out the high eulogium passed on him by the Bishop of Oxford. He was also a man of literary tastes and accomplishments, and some specimens of his poetical compositions are appended to the volume, to which a portrait forms the frontispiece. As much has been lately said about the Kafirs, the following account of their character as a race is valuable from one who had good opportunities of observation. "They seem to be essentially a noble race, noble outwardly, noble as regards intellectual power, and also as regards many moral qualities. They are a happy, healthy, good-tempered people, not naturally cruel; even in time of war not more cruel than many Christian armies have been even in modern wars. A Kafir's word is truth itself—the moment that peace is proclaimed, the English traveller might journey from one end of Kafirland to another without the slightest risk." After referring to their cattle lifting, the good bishop says that the English have had the best of these thieving forays, and have done more wrong than they have suffered in this way. If the Kafir is an invader, the Englishman also is not always free from the same impeachment. Though few of them have yet embraced Christianity, they have always respected the missionaries, and when war has been determined they have in every instance given safe conveyance to the missionaries, not a hair of one of whose heads has ever been touched by them. The Bishop speaks warmly of the admirable government of Sir George Grey, in whose hands the welfare of South Africa is in good keeping, and the best prospects entertained of the Kafir races being made not only peaceful neighbours but faithful allies and perhaps useful subjects of Queen Victoria. The narratives of the Bishop's progresses in various parts of his

wild and remote diocese are full of interest, and we only hope that his successor may prove as zealous and able in missionary as well as episcopal work. The Life of Dr. Armstrong will be a useful guide to all who are engaged in similar duties.

A remarkable testimony to the rapidly increasing prosperity of Ireland appeared this week in the form of a letter to 'The Times,' from one of the Irish rebels of 1848, who had to fly to America, and after eight years' residence in America has revisited his native country. He describes his amazement at the changes that he witnessed, and has the candour and good feeling to publish the results of his observations, adding the expression of his thankfulness that the mad schemes of the Irish demagogues were not successful. Testimonies to the same effect are continually given by those who knew Ireland ten years ago, and who are aware of its present condition. There is every prospect of this prosperity being continuous and progressive. Mr. Holdsworth, who, during the year of the Dublin Great Exhibition, drew up in the 'Mining Journal' a brief outline of the geological features of that national exposition, has now published a detailed Report on the Geology, Minerals, Mines, and Soils of Ireland, in reference to the amelioration and industrial prosperity of the country. This work will be of great value to the proprietors and managers of estates, while conveying much interesting information of a scientific and practical kind. He seems to be well versed in his subject, and his statements may therefore be generally relied on, while his zeal in praise of the country is abundantly apparent. "Confidence," he says, "is established, and capital is rapidly following confidence, and is now being generally invested in Irish enterprise. The ownership of the soil is fast changing hands, and a new and unencumbered succeeding the old encumbered proprietary; already, indeed, nearly eleven hundred insolvent landlords have sold their estates, one-twelfth of the area of Ireland has changed owners, and more than ten millions of capital have been invested in the purchase of property from the Encumbered Estates Court." Other signs of increasing prosperity are referred to. The mines and quarries alone already give employment to many thousands of persons, and the surplus labour is being rapidly absorbed by the new works which are gradually starting into existence, even to the remotest corner of the island; in the far-off and all but depopulated wilds of Kerry, and in the solitudes of Connemara and Donegal, the busy hum of industry is heard in the hills, and the sound of the anvil resounds through their vales. *Esto perpetua.*

The fibres of cotton as used in the ordinary manufactures of this country have a torsion by which, under the microscope, they are readily distinguished from linen and other natural fibrous substances. Mr. Bauer was the first, we believe, who observed and delineated the peculiarities of cotton structure as to the torsion of the fibre. Dr. Ure, in his 'Philosophy of Manufactures,' gives drawings from Mr. Bauer's observations. Mr. French, of Bolton, from some observations recently made, considers that the twist does not exist in the unripened fibre in the pod, but only in the ripe cotton. After the torsion is once effected by the sun or otherwise, it remains through all the operations to which the fibre is subjected. Several practical improvements seem to be suggested by attending to these microscopical peculiarities of structure. For instance, Mr. French suggests, that if the twists in filaments of cotton are in one direction, by continuing this arrangement throughout the process of spinning, a thread of greater tenacity, with more strength and smoothness, may be procured than by the present process, which twists one half of the fibres composing a thread in one direction, and the other half in the reverse direction. By following the natural parallelism of the fibre a degree of elasticity would also be imparted to the yarn, and its fabric be altogether improved. Mr. French also makes some suggestions about the finer cotton from the young pod for special manufactures of a high value. His

tract deserves the attention of practical spinners and manufacturers, as well as of scientific microscopical observers. For common purposes of commerce, the cotton that has undergone the rough process of the American saw gin will continue to be manufactured; but for more delicate fabrics the less violent treatment in use in India, where beautiful cotton goods are made, might be imitated by machinery in this country.

Mr. Bryce, a Dublin Trinity College man, now one of the classical masters of the High School of Edinburgh, has prepared a capital variorum collection of notes on Virgil, for the use of students. The text is not given, the volume itself being larger than would be an edition of all Virgil's works in the same size of type. Forliger's work is taken as the basis of the annotations, and with his notes are united selections from those of Heyne, Wagner, Thiel, Henry, Ladewig, and other Virgilian critics and commentators. Mr. Bryce's own notes, critical, grammatical, and expository, are generally good and much to the point. No apology was needed for his having so often exercised the right of private judgment; especially in the interpretation and exposition of the author's meaning. Abstruse learning is worth little in this department, compared with poetical feeling and the still rarer faculty of common sense. It is not often that these are united with great critical acumen or scholastic learning. Mr. Bryce has a tendency to give more than their due to mere scholastic critics. For emendation of the text, and for elucidation of grammatical and philological difficulties, the minute German commentators have rendered good service, but to the getting in contact with the soul as well as the body of Virgil, or any other classical author, they are not of great use. We regret to observe that a genial hearty love of the old classics is less common than it used to be. Critical learning may be, and we trust is, on the increase, but it will be dearly gained, if the appreciation of the living spirit is less thought of than the study of the dead form of classical literature. This hint we throw out as worthy of the consideration of teachers like Mr. Bryce, who are able to stand on their own ground, and who have large classes of generous youths under their classical training. As a select repertory of Virgilian variorum notes the volume now published will be highly prized, and the instances are few where comments of the kind which we have specified are introduced. Woodcuts, depicting scenes of ancient life and customs, and various objects of antiquity, add to the usefulness of the work, which is quite an encyclopedia of Virgilian exposition and illustration.

## New Editions.

*Delhi, the City of the Great Mogul.* A New Edition of 'The Mission, the Camp, and the Zenana.' By Mrs. Colin Mackenzie. Bentley.

*Roughing it in the Bush; or, Life in Canada.* By Susannah Moodie. New Edition. Bentley.

*An Elementary Speaking French Grammar.* By John Leth. Fourth Edition. Whittaker and Co.

MRS. COLIN MACKENZIE has taken advantage of the public attention being directed to India, to republish her book on the Mission, the Camp, and the Zenana. The new title of Delhi, the City of the Great Mogul, is an *ad captandum* title, the description of that ancient city being brief and incidental. But the work contains many valuable notices of the people of Hindostan, the Hindoos, Mussulmen, Sikhs, Affghans, and other races, with a journal of the events that occurred during six years' residence in camp at many stations, during the stirring times of the Affghan and Sikh wars. A preface to this new edition presents the author's views as to the mutiny of the Bengal army. She says, "The chief causes of the mutiny are the dissatisfaction of the M'hammedans at being deprived of their supremacy, and the intrigues of the deposed princes. No doubt it arises from a widely-spread M'hammedan conspiracy, in which the Mussulmans, who in India have adopted all the prejudices of caste, have availed themselves of the pretext afforded by the greased cartridges (as they did of the new head-dress at Vellore) to rouse



the Hindus. It is a Hindu pretext, but a Muhammadan motive." The circumstances that have rendered the mutiny possible, such as the separation between the European officers and the sepoys, the destruction of military discipline, and other causes, are commented on. Mrs. Mackenzie speaks strongly in reprobation of the absurd deference that has been shown to caste, where its pretensions ought not to have been encouraged, while government has, in other respects, unwisely interfered with native ideas and usages. So far from interfering with the religion of the natives of India, too much respect has been paid to systems productive of every social vice, and destructive of military discipline and good government. The sepoys have been petted and indulged till they despised their rulers, and felt that the time had come for attempting to assume the mastery. The general fidelity of the population proves that it is more a mutiny than an insurrection, and, after the rebels are put down, it will be the duty of the government to treat the native army in a very different manner, while extending to the people generally the benefits of better law and police, and encouraging agricultural and commercial industry. In the Bombay and Madras armies, the discipline is far more strict, the sepoys are seldom of high caste, and the European officers have influence by being able to give promotion to native officers by merit and not mere seniority. In the Bengal army almost every regiment consists of men of high caste and Mussulmans, and almost every third sepoy is a Brahmin. Many of those who have entered as men of other castes, since the regulations forbidding more than a certain proportion of highest caste men, are really Brahmins, and when in the lines resume the symbols and assumptions of their caste. On these, and many other points bearing upon the existing mutiny, Mrs. Mackenzie's journal contains curious and instructive information.

#### Miscellaneous, Pamphlets, &c.

*The Crisis in India. Its Causes and proposed Remedies* by a Military Officer of Thirty-two Years' Experience in India. Bentley.

*The Fort and Cantonment of Delhi.* Wyld.

*Delhi and its Environs.* E. Stanford.

*The Right Word in the Right Place.* John F. Shaw.

THE pamphlet on the Crisis in India, its Causes and Remedies, by a Military Officer of long Indian experience, is a reprint of letters that have appeared in the 'Daily News,' under the signature of Caubulee. The writer is well versed in the topics on which he writes, and most of his suggestions commend themselves to approval as judicious and practical. Few of the newspaper communications on the subject have been more to the purpose than those of Caubulee.

Several maps and plans of Delhi and the adjacent districts have been published, among which those of Mr. Wyld and Mr. Stanford will be found useful for reference in reading the military despatches from the East. Mr. Wyld's plan of the town is on a large scale, while that of Mr. Stanford includes a larger part of the surrounding country, including the posts that are mentioned in the recent accounts of the movements of the besieging army under Sir H. Barnard.

A brief book of English synonyms, under the title of *The Right Word in the Right Place*, contains a useful selection from the works of Crabbe, Whately, and others, especially Roget, whose Thesaurus is not mentioned by the compiler, though it probably has afforded aid in the preparation of the work. The dictionary is merely a list of words having a general or a partial coincidence of meaning. A second part is announced to be afterwards published, in which definitions and explanations of the nicer distinctions and different shades of meaning are promised. In the absence of a compact book of English synonyms these cheap manuals may be of service for students and young authors.

#### List of New Books.

Adams' (W.) Gem of the Peak, 5th edit., 12mo, cloth, 6s.  
Becroft's Companion to Iron Trade, 4th edit., 12mo, half-bd., 12s.  
Buckley's (J. S.) Mensuration, 12mo, cloth, 3s.  
Brewer's (Mrs.) Young Bride, 3 vols., post 8vo, cloth, 41 11s. 6d.

China, Ava, &c. (Illustrated Library), new edit., post 8vo, cloth, 5s.  
Davies' (Rev. J. L.) Life in Christ, foolscap 8vo, cloth, 7s.  
Gilbart's (J. W.) Logic for the Million, 5th edit., 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.  
Gil's Introductory Text-Book to School Management, 8vo, cl., 2s.  
Goodwin's Elementary Course of Mathematics, 8vo, cloth, 15s.  
Higgin's (W. M.) The Earth, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.  
Holdsworth's (J.) Geology, &c., of Ireland, post 8vo, cloth, 5s.  
India (Illustrated Library), new edit., post 8vo, cloth, 5s.  
James's (G. P. R.) Man-at-Arms, 12mo, boards, 1s. 6d.  
Kings of England, 5th edit., 12mo, cloth, 3s.  
Lord, A., of the Creation, post 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.  
Love in Light and Shadow, 2 vols., post 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d. each.  
Mackay's (C.) Book of Scottish Songs, crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.  
Maguire's (J.) Rome, post 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.  
Moore's Cases of Westernisation under Liddell, royal 8vo, cloth, 12s.  
Neener and Deener, by Cuthbert Bede, crown 8vo, boards, 2s.  
Orr's (J.) Theism, 8vo, cloth, 10s.  
Palmer's (P.) Useful Disciple, 18mo, cloth, 1s. 6d.  
Smith's (D.) Dyer's Instructor, 2nd edit., 12mo, cloth, 15s.  
— (A.) City Poems, foolscap, cloth, 5s.  
Sowerby's Ferns, 8vo, cloth, new edit., plain, 6s.  
— — — — — coloured, 41 7s.

— — — — — partly coloured, 14s.  
Soyers's Culinary Campaign, illustrated, post 8vo, cloth, 6s.  
Spurkings (J.) Physician for All, new edit., 8vo, cloth, 7s.  
Useful Metals and their Alloys, crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.  
Vade Mecum to Study of English History, 2nd edit., 12mo, cloth, 2s.

#### ARTICLES AND COMMUNICATIONS.

DEAN CONYBEARE, F.R.S.

THE Very Rev. William Daniel Conybeare, M.A., F.G.S., F.R.S., and Corresponding Member of the French Institute, whose death at Itchen Stoke, near Portsmouth, on the 12th inst., was briefly recorded in our number of last week, was born June 7th, 1787. His place of birth is unknown to us. He was the son of a clergyman, who, we believe, was rector of Bishopsgate, and whose elder brother, John Conybeare, D.D., was Dean of Christchurch and afterwards Bishop of Bristol. Bishop Conybeare was the author of various theological works, and of sermons of no inconsiderable repute. The elder brother of the late Dean, the Rev. John Josias Conybeare, who was born in 1779, had attained great distinction, and had given proof of the possession of no ordinary abilities, when his death took place in 1824, at a comparatively early age, and in the full maturity of his powers. He was a student of Christchurch, and gained the Chancellor's prize for a Latin poem on the subject of *Religio Brahma*, in the year 1800. Afterwards he was appointed Professor of Anglo-Saxon and of Poetry in his university, and read the Bampton Lecture in 1824. His work on Anglo-Saxon poetry, edited by his brother after his death, is one of great learning, and of the highest value to the student of the language, being full of illustrations drawn from varied sources of ancient and recondite literature. He contributed also to the 'Annals of Philosophy,' and to the 'Transactions of the Geological Society,' but his papers are confined chiefly to the geology of Clovelly, in Devon, and to memoranda of fossils and mineral veins in Cornwall. At his death he was vicar of Bath-Easton, in Somersetshire, and Prebendary of York. Of this elder brother the late Dean was accustomed to speak in terms of the highest reverence and most affectionate regard; always attributing his own attainments to his assistance and example. The younger brother was educated first at Westminster, and afterwards at Christchurch. There, in the year 1808, he is well known to have taken a first class in classics, and a second in mathematics, his associates in the former rank being Dr. Ashurst Gilbert, the present Bishop of Chichester, the late Sir Robert Peel, and two others. Sir Robert Peel was alone in the first class in mathematics; but in the second, along with Conybeare and four others, is to be found the name of Archbishop Whately. Being thus a contemporary of the late Prime Minister, the late Dean of Llandaff was not wholly unacquainted with the private views of so distinguished a member of his university; and, aided by these recollections, he used to express no surprise at the liberal measures which Sir R. Peel gradually advocated, having always, he used to say, considered him to be a Whig at heart.

It must have been shortly after taking his degree at Oxford that he entered upon the pursuit of geology, the science with which his name is inseparably connected. In the year 1814 his first communication was made to the 'Transactions of the Geological Society,' of which body, we believe, he

was one of the earliest members—if not an actual founder. Into the study of the then new science he entered with the utmost ardour as an associate of Buckland and Phillips, and encouraged, as we have said, by the example of his brother. His first paper in the Geological Transactions is a tract on the origin of a remarkable class of organic impressions occurring in the nodules of flint, in the course of which he establishes that these substances are not, as was supposed, fossil corals, but produced by the infiltration of silicious matter into shells, the calcareous matrix of which has since perished. On the 5th April, 1816, he read a paper 'On the Geological Features of the North-East Coast of Ireland,' extracted from the notes of J. F. Berger, M.D., which had been read before the Society two years previously, on the 15th April, 1814. This treatise, which was afterwards published in a separate form, displays Mr. Conybeare's admirable power of combining a delineation of the general features of a district with an enumeration of its minute details. In the same volume is to be found also a 'Descriptive Note referring to the Outline of Sections presented by a Part of the Coast of Antrim and Derry.' This paper was collected from joint observations made by himself and Dr. Buckland during a tour in Ireland in the summer of 1813. Reference was lately made to this treatise by the President of the Geological Society, in his Anniversary Address of February last. A disputed question respecting the constitution of certain porcellaneous schistous rock, full of ammonites, at Portrush, was considered to have been set at rest by the investigations on this occasion. The structure of this rock had been brought forward as evidence to show that basaltic rocks generally had been in a state of aqueous solution or suspension. "The observations of the Rev. W. D. Conybeare," says Col. Portlock, "and of the Rev. W. Buckland, strengthened the opinion of Playfair, by showing that these indurated strata were by their organic contents related to the strata of the adjacent county." (Anniversary Address, 25th February, 1857, p. xxx.) At this period the discoveries of new marvels in geology were matters of monthly occurrence; the remains of one large animal had been discovered and arranged, and had been styled by Mr. König, of the British Museum, "Ichthyosaurus;" when Mr. Conybeare, in examining the collections that had been formed by Col. Birch, at Bristol, of fossil remains taken from the lias in the vicinity of that city, came upon some bones which were taken at first to be those of the crocodile. Further inspection, however, satisfied him that the resemblance to the skeleton of a crocodile was only an analogy and not an identity of genus. In conjunction with Mr. De la Beche the matter was fully investigated, and a memoir was drawn up and read before the Geological Society, announcing the discovery of the new animal, on the 6th of April, 1821. Hitherto nothing but dislocated fragments had been discovered, amongst which was a mutilated head, in the possession of Mr. Thomas Clarke, from the lias of Street, near Glastonbury; but Mr. Conybeare's skill in comparative anatomy was sufficient to enable him to construct the entire skeleton, and from the circumstance of the animal approaching more nearly to the nature of a crocodile than to that of an Ichthyosaurus, it was called by its present name of Plesiosaurus.

At the close of this paper, the writer, with a delicacy peculiarly his own, after appealing to the hearers' indulgence on the ground of the nature of the subject, and his own inexperience in the branch of science to which it related, and after felicitously quoting a maxim of Scarpa, "Uaque adeo Natura, una eadem semper atque multiplex, disparibus etiam formis affectus pares admirabili quiddam varietatum simplicitate conciliat"—concludes as follows:—"I need not add how much these difficulties will be increased in the hands of a writer, who must acknowledge, that whilst intruding upon the province of comparative anatomy, he stands on foreign ground; and using, as it were, a foreign language, is frequently driven to adopt an awkward peri-



phrasid, where a single word from the pen of a master would probably have been sufficient." When shortly afterwards a more complete specimen came into the possession of the Duke of Buckingham, a second paper was read on the subject in May, 1822; and, finally, from a still more perfect skeleton, found at Lyme, all the early theories were verified, and a complete description was delivered on the 20th February, 1824. The discoveries confirmed Mr. Conybeare's conjectural restorations to a remarkable degree of nicety. This achievement has always been considered a great triumph for British science, and is ranked by Dr. Buckland as not inferior to the performances of Cuvier himself, who asserted of the *Plesiosaurus*, that its structure was the most heteroclit, and its character altogether the most monstrous that had been found amid the ruins of an ancient world. In later years we have witnessed still more brilliant triumphs of science in the restorations of Professor Owen. About the same period, Messrs. Buckland and Conybeare laid before the geological Society, 'Observations on the S. W. Coal District of England,' with respect to which it will again be sufficient to cite the authority of Colonel Portlock. Speaking of this treatise, he says, "At the present moment we can hardly estimate the true value of such elaborate papers, or the vast labour of collecting the data for completing them; entering, as we now do, upon our inquiries after these early pioneers of science have shaped out a course for us, and enabled us to pass easily over ground which to them was full of difficulties."

Mr. Conybeare completed his geological labours by the publication, in conjunction with Mr. W. Phillips, of a work of greater importance than any of the preceding, in the year 1822. This was the 'Outlines of the Geology of England and Wales,' founded upon a small treatise published by Phillips in 1818, called a 'Selection of Facts,' &c. The greater part of this elaborate and comprehensive work, a marvel of compilation for its day, was written by Mr. Conybeare. It has often been referred to as the most useful manual on the subject ever published. The introduction was also written by Mr. Conybeare, who introduces a brief consideration of the points upon which geology was supposed to conflict with the Mosaic narrative of the creation, with respect to the Noachian deluge, and the antiquity of the earth. These subjects he pursued still further in a series of articles in the 'Christian Observer,' at a time when the discoveries of geology engrossed the attention of the religious world, and a few articles in the 'Edinburgh Review' of this period were contributed by him.

Mr. Conybeare was for many years rector of Sully, in Glamorganshire. In 1831, he was elected Visitor of Bristol College, and during that and two following years he delivered a series of lectures at the College, which were afterwards published, accompanied by an 'Inaugural Address on the Application of Classical and Scientific Education to Theology.' The peculiar interest which he imparted to these subjects by the original mould in which the materials were cast, the glowing enthusiasm with which the intellectual and poetical features of his theme were seized and upheld to the admiration of his hearers, and the charms of a copious and eloquent style, gave these lectures an unusual popularity.

In 1836 Mr. Conybeare was instituted to the vicarage of Axminster, Devon, of which rectory he was lessee from two prebendaries of York. He thus became personally connected with the town that was the birthplace of his friend and collaborator, the late Dean of Westminster. In 1839, he was appointed Bampton Lecturer to the University of Oxford. The lecture is published, being 'An Analytical Examination into the Character, Value, and Just Application of the Ante-Nicene Fathers.' In 1847, at the instance of Dr. Coplestone, then Bishop, he was instituted to the Deanery of Llandaff, resigning the living of Axminster in favour of his eldest son. His eleven years' residence at the last-mentioned town was marked by large benefactions to the local charities,

and by a constant exhibition of generosity, beneficence, and kindness, which have endeared his memory to the inhabitants. During his residence in this part of the country the remarkable occurrence of the large landslip between Lyme and Exmouth took place, in the winter of 1839, which called forth a geological memoir from the Vicar of Axminster, accompanying several admirable drawings of the scene by W. Dawson, Mrs. Buckland, and others. Mr. Conybeare was also a contributor to the 'West of England Journal of Science and Literature,' and probably to other periodical works. His geological tastes were gratified also by a visit to the island of Tenerife, about the year 1851 or 1852. His later years were understood to have been actively devoted to the superintendence of the repairs of Llandaff Cathedral, which have been so admirably carried out under the guidance of Mr. Seddon. He married a Miss Rankin, by whom he had six sons and a daughter. The eldest son, the Rev. W. J. Conybeare, who was fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and the well-known writer, in conjunction with Mr. Howson, of the 'Life of St. Paul,' Edinburgh Essayist, author of 'Perversion,' &c., predeceased his father by a few months only. The loss of his son is said to have led to the dissolution of the venerable Dean; and those by whom the generous warmth of his affections and his acute sensibilities are remembered will readily believe that such a result was only too probable. When, however, the remembrance of the charm of his peculiar and original character will have passed away, his name will remain as one of the most eminent in the career of discovery which ushered in the beginning of the nineteenth century.

#### MR. RUSKIN BEFORE THE NATIONAL GALLERY COMMISSION.

*Chairman.*—Has your attention been turned to the desirableness of uniting sculpture with painting under the same roof?—Yes.

What is your opinion on the subject?—I think it almost essential that they should be united, if a National Gallery is to be of service in teaching the course of art.

Sculpture of all kinds, or only ancient sculpture?—Of all kinds.

Do you think that the sculpture in the British Museum should be in the same building with the pictures in the National Gallery, that is to say, making an application of your principle to that particular case?—Yes, certainly; I think so for several reasons—chiefly because I think the taste of the nation can only be rightly directed by having always sculpture and painting visible together. Many of the highest and best points of painting, I think, can only be discerned after some discipline of the eye by sculpture. That is one very essential reason. I think that after looking at sculpture one feels the grace of composition infinitely more, and one also feels how that grace of composition was reached by the painter.

Do you consider that if works of sculpture and works of painting were placed in the same gallery, the same light would be useful for both of them?—I understood your question only to refer to their collection under the same roof. I should be sorry to see them in the same room.

You would not mix them up in the way in which they are mixed up in the Florentine Gallery, for instance?—Not at all. I think, on the contrary, that the one diverts the mind from the other, and that, although the one is an admirable discipline, you should take some time for the examination of sculpture, and pass afterwards into the painting-room, and so on. You should not be disturbed while looking at paintings by the whiteness of the sculpture.

You do not then approve, for example, of the way in which the famous room, the Tribune, at Florence is arranged?—No; I think it is merely arranged for show—for showing how many rich things can be got together.

*Mr. Cockerell.*—Then you do not regard sculpture as a proper decorative portion of the National Gallery of Pictures—you do not admit the term

decoration?—No; I should not use that term of the sculpture which it was the object of the gallery to exhibit. I might be added, of course, supposing it became a part of the architecture, but not as independent—not as a thing to be contemplated separately in the room, and not as a part of the room. As a part of the room, of course, modern sculpture might be added; but I have never thought that it would be necessary.

You do not consider that sculpture would be a repose after contemplating painting for some time?—I should not feel it so myself.

*Dean of St. Paul's.*—When you speak of removing the sculpture of the British Museum, and of uniting it with the pictures of the National Gallery, do you comprehend the whole range of the sculpture in the British Museum, commencing with the Egyptian, and going down through its regular series of gradation to the decline of the art?—Yes, because my great hope respecting the National Gallery is, that it may become a perfectly consecutive chronological arrangement, and it seems to me that it is one of the chief characteristics of a National Gallery that it should be so.

Then you consider that one great excellence of the collection at the British Museum is, that it does present that sort of history of the art of sculpture?—I consider it rather its weakness that it does not.

Then you would go down further?—I would.

You are perhaps acquainted with the ivories which have been recently purchased there?—I am not.

Supposing there were a fine collection of Byzantine ivories, you would consider that they were an important link in the general history?—Certainly.

Would you unite the whole of that Pagan sculpture with what you call the later Christian art of Painting?—I should be glad to see it done—that is to say, I should be glad to see the galleries of painting and sculpture collaterally placed, and the gallery of sculpture, beginning with the Pagan art, and proceeding to the Christian art, but not necessarily associating the painting with the sculpture of each epoch; because the painting is so deficient in many of the periods where the sculpture is rich, that you could not carry them on collaterally—you must have your painting gallery and your sculpture gallery.

You would be sorry to take any portion of the sculpture from the collection in the British Museum, and to associate it with any collection of painting?—Yes, I should think it highly inexpedient. My whole object would be that it might be associated with a larger collection, a collection from other periods, and not be subdivided. And it seems to be one of the chief reasons advanced in order to justify removing that collection, that it cannot be much more enlarged—that you cannot at present put other sculpture with it.

Supposing that the collection of ancient Pagan art could not be united with the National Gallery of pictures, with which would you associate the mediæval sculpture, supposing we were to retain any considerable amount of sculpture?—With the painting.

The mediæval art you would associate with the painting, supposing you could not put the whole together?—Yes.

*Chairman.*—Do you approve of protecting pictures by glass?—Yes, in every case. I do not know of what size a pane of glass can be manufactured, but I have never seen a picture so large but that I should be glad to see it under glass. Even supposing it were possible, which I suppose it is not, the great Paul Veronese, in the gallery of the Louvre, I think would be more beautiful under glass.

Independently of the preservation?—Independently of the preservation, I think it would be more beautiful. It gives an especial delicacy to light colours, and does little harm to dark colours—that is, it benefits delicate pictures most, and its injury is only to very dark pictures.

Have you ever considered the propriety of covering the sculpture with glass?—I have never considered it. I did not know until a very few days

ago that sculpture was injured by exposure to our climate and our smoke.

*Professor Faraday.*—But you would cover the pictures, independently of the preservation, you would cover them absolutely for the artistic effect, the improvement of the picture?—Not necessarily so, because to some persons there might be an objectionable character in having to avoid the reflection more scrupulously than otherwise. I should not press for it on that head only. The advantage gained is not a great one, it is only felt by very delicate eyes. As far as I know, many persons would not perceive that there was a difference, and that is caused by the very slight colour in the glass, which, perhaps, some persons might think it expedient to avoid altogether.

Do you put it down to the absolute tint in the glass like a glazing, or do you put it down to a sort of reflection? Is the effect referable to the colour in the glass, or to some kind of optic action, which the most transparent glass might produce?—I do not know; but I suppose it to be referable to the very slight tint in the glass.

*Dean of St. Paul's.*—Is it not the case when ladies with very brilliant dresses look at pictures through glass, that the reflection of the colour of their dresses is so strong as greatly to disturb the enjoyment and the appreciation of the pictures?—Certainly; but I should ask the ladies to stand a little aside, and look at the pictures one by one. There is that disadvantage.

I am supposing a crowded room—of course the object of a National Gallery is that it should be crowded—that as large a number of the public should have access to it as possible—there would of course be certain limited hours, and the gallery would be liable to get filled with the public in great numbers?—It would be disadvantageous certainly, but not so disadvantageous as to balance the much greater advantage of preservation. I imagine that, in fact, glass is essential: it is not merely an expedient thing, but an essential thing to the safety of the pictures for twenty or thirty years.

Do you consider it essential, as regards the atmosphere of London, or of this country generally?—I speak of London only. I have no experience of other parts. But I have this experience in my own collection. I kept my pictures for some time without glass, and I found the deterioration definite within a very short period—a period of a couple of years.

You mean at Denmark Hill?—Yes; that deterioration on pictures of the class I refer to is not to be afterwards remedied—the thing suffers for ever—you cannot get into the interstices.

*Professor Faraday.*—You consider that the picture is permanently injured by the dirt?—Yes.

That no cleaning can restore it to what it was?—Nothing can restore it to what it was, I think, because the operation of cleaning must scrape away some of the grains of paint.

Therefore, if you have two pictures, one in a dirtier place, and one in a cleaner place, no attention will put the one in the dirtier place on a level with that in the cleaner place?—I think never more.

*Chairman.*—I see that in your 'Notes on the Turner Collection,' you recommended that the large upright pictures would have great advantage in having a room to themselves. Do you mean each of the large pictures or a whole collection of large pictures?—Supposing very beautiful pictures of a large size (it would depend entirely on the value and size of the picture), supposing we ever acquired such large pictures as Titian's *Assumption* or Raphael's *Transfiguration*, those pictures ought to have a room to themselves, and to have a gallery round them.

Do you mean that each of them should have a room?—Yes.

*Dean of St. Paul's.*—Have you been recently at Dresden?—No, I have never been at Dresden.

Then you do not know the position of the Great Holbein and of the Madonna de S. Sisto there, which have separate rooms?—No.

*Mr. Cockerell.*—Are you acquainted with the Munich Gallery?—No.

Do you know the plans of it?—No.

Then you have not seen, perhaps, the most recent arrangements adopted by that learned people, the Germans, with regard to the exhibition of pictures?—I have not been into Germany for twenty years.

That subject has been handled by them in an original manner, and they have constructed galleries at Munich, at Dresden, and I believe at St. Petersburg, upon a new principle, and a very judicious principle. You have not had opportunities of considering that?—No, I have never considered that: because I always supposed that there was no difficulty in producing a beautiful gallery, or an efficient one. I never thought that there could be any question about the form which such a gallery should take, or that it was a matter of consideration. The only difficulty with me was this—the persuading, or hoping to persuade, a nation that if it had pictures at all, it should have those pictures on the line of the eye; that it was not well to have a noble picture many feet above the eye, merely for the glory of the room. Then I think that as soon as you decide that a picture is to be seen, it is easy to find out the way of showing it; to say that it should have such and such a room, with such and such a light—not a raking light, as I heard Sir Charles Eastlake express it the other day, but rather an oblique and soft light, and not so near the picture as to catch the eye painfully. That may be easily obtained, and I think that all other questions after that are subordinate.

*Dean of St. Paul's.*—Your proposition would require a great extent of wall?—An immense extent of wall.

*Chairman.*—I see you state in the pamphlet to which I have before alluded, that it is of the highest importance that the works of each master should be kept together. Would not such an arrangement increase very much the size of the National Gallery?—I think not, because I have only supposed in my plan that, at the utmost, two lines of pictures should be admitted on the walls of the room; that being so, you would be always able to put all the works of any master together without any inconvenience or difficulty in fitting them to the size of the room. Supposing that you put the large pictures high on the walls, then it might be a question, of course, whether such and such a room or compartment of the Gallery would hold the works of a particular master; but supposing the pictures were all on a continuous line, you would only stop with A and begin with B.

Then you would only have them on one level and one line?—In general; that seems to me the common-sense principle.

*Mr. Richmond.*—Then you disapprove of the whole of the European hanging of pictures in galleries?—I think it very beautiful sometimes, but not to be imitated. It produces most noble rooms. No one can but be impressed with the first room at the Louvre, where you have the most noble Venetian pictures one mass of fire on the four walls; but then none of the details of those pictures can be seen.

*Dean of St. Paul's.*—There you have a very fine general effect, but you lose the effect of the beauties of each individual picture?—You lose all the beauties, all the higher merits; you get merely your general idea. It is a perfectly splendid room, of which a great part of the impression depends upon the consciousness of the spectator that it is so costly.

Would you have those galleries in themselves richly decorated?—Not richly, but pleasantly.

Brilliantly, but not too brightly?—Not too brightly. I have not gone into that question, it being out of my way; but I think, generally, that great care should be taken to give a certain splendour—a certain gorgeous effect—so that the spectator may feel himself among splendid things; so that there shall be no discomfort or meagreness, or want of respect for the things which are being shown.

*Mr. Richmond.*—Then do you think that Art would be more worthily treated, and the public taste and artists better served, by having even a smaller collection of works so arranged, than by a

much larger one merely housed and hung four or five deep, as in an auction room?—Yes. But you put a difficult choice before me, because I do think it a very important thing that we should have many pictures. Totally new results might be obtained from a large gallery in which the chronological arrangement was perfect, and whose curators prepared for that chronological arrangement, by leaving gaps to be filled by future acquisition; taking the greatest pains in the selection of the examples, that they should be thoroughly characteristic; giving a greater price for a picture which was thoroughly characteristic and expressive of the habits of a nation; because it appears to me that one of the main uses of Art at present, is not so much as Art, but as teaching us the feelings of nations. History only tells us what they did; Art tells us their feelings, and why they did it: whether they were energetic and fiery, or whether they were, as in the case of the Dutch, imitating minor things, quiet and cold. All those expressions of feeling cannot come out of History. Even the cotemporary historian does not feel them; he does not feel what his nation is; but get the works of the same master together, the works of the same nation together, and the works of the same century together, and see how the thing will force itself upon every one's observation.

Then you would not exclude the genuine work of inferior masters?—Not by any means.

You would have the whole as far as you could obtain it?—Yes, as far as it was characteristic; but, I think you can hardly call an inferior master one who does in the best possible way the thing he undertakes to do; and I would not take any master who did not in some way excel. For instance, I would not take a mere imitator of Cuypp among the Dutch; but Cuypp himself has done insuperable things in certain expressions of sunlight and repose. Vander Heyden and others may also be mentioned as first-rate in inferior lines.

Taking from the rise of art to the time of Raphael, would you in the National Gallery include examples of all those masters whose names have come down to the most learned of us?—No.

Where would you draw the line, and where would you begin to leave out?—I would only draw the line when I was purchasing a picture. I think that a person might always spend his money better by making an effort to get one noble picture than five or six second or third-rate pictures, provided only that you had examples of the best kind of work produced at that time. I would not have second-rate pictures. Multitudes of masters among the disciples of Giotto might be named; you might have one or two pictures of Giotto, and one or two pictures of the disciples of Giotto.

Then you would rather depend upon the beauty of the work itself; if the work were beautiful you would admit it?—Certainly.

But if it were only historically interesting, would you then reject it?—Not in the least. I want it historically interesting, but I want as good an example as I can have of that particular manner.

Would it not be historically interesting if it were the only picture known of that particular master, who was a follower of Giotto?—For instance, supposing a work of Cennino Cennini were brought to light, and had no real merit in it as a work of art, would it not be the duty of the authorities of a National Gallery to seize upon that picture, and pay perhaps rather a large price for it?—Certainly, all documentary art I should include.

Then what would you exclude?—Merely that which is inferior, and not documentary; merely another example of the same kind of thing.

Then you would not multiply examples of the same masters, if inferior men, but you would have one of each. There is no man, I suppose, whose memory has come down to us after three or four centuries, but has something worth preserving in his work—something peculiar to himself, which perhaps no other person has ever done, and you would retain one example of such, would you not?—I would, if it was in my power, but I would rather with given funds make an effort to get perfect examples.



Then you think that the artistic element should govern the archaeological in the selection?—Yes, and the archaeological in the arrangement.

*Dean of St. Paul's.*—When you speak of arranging the works of one master consecutively, would you pay any regard or not to the subjects? You must be well aware that many painters, for instance Correggio, and others, painted very incongruous subjects; would you rather keep them together than disperse the works of those painters to a certain degree according to their subjects?—I would most certainly keep them together. I think it an important feature of the master that he did paint incongruously, and very possibly the character of each picture would be better understood by seeing them together; the relations of each are sometimes essential to be seen.

*Mr. Richmond.*—Do you think that the preservation of these works is one of the first and most important things to be provided for?—It would be so with me in purchasing a picture. I would pay double the price for it if I thought it was likely to be destroyed where it was.

In a note you wrote to me the other day, I find this passage: 'The Art of a nation I think one of the most important points of its history, and a part which, if once destroyed, no history will ever supply the place of—and the first idea of a National Gallery is, that it should be a Library of Art, in which the rudest efforts are, in some cases, hardly less important than the noblest.' Is that your opinion?—Perfectly. That seems somewhat inconsistent with what I have been saying, but I mean there, the noblest efforts of the time at which they are produced. I would take the greatest pains to get an example of 11th century work, though the painting is perfectly barbarous at that time.

You have much to do with the education of the working classes in Art. As far as you are able to tell us, what is your experience with regard to their liking and disliking in Art—do comparatively uneducated persons prefer the Art up to the time of Raphael, or down from the time of Raphael—we will take the Bolognese School, or the early Florentine School—which do you think a working man would feel the greatest interest in looking at?—I cannot tell you, because my working men would not be allowed to look at a Bolognese picture; I teach them so much love of detail, that the moment they see a detail carefully drawn they are caught by it. The main thing which has surprised me in dealing with these men is the exceeding refinement of their minds—so that in a moment I can get carpenters, and smiths, and ordinary workmen, and various classes to give me a refinement which I cannot get a young lady to give me, when I give her a lesson for the first time. Whether it is the habit of work which makes them go at it more intensely, or whether it is (as I rather think) that, as the feminine mind looks for strength, the masculine mind looks for delicacy, and when you take it simply, and give it its choice, it will go to the most refined thing, I do not know.

*Dean of St. Paul's.*—Can you see any perceptible improvement in the state of the public mind and taste in that respect, since these measures have been adopted?—There has not been time to judge of that.

Do these persons who are taking an interest in art come from different parts of London?—Yes. Of course the distance which they would have to come would be of very great importance?—Yes.

Therefore one of the great recommendations of a Gallery, if you wish it to have an effect upon the public mind in that respect, would be its accessibility, both with regard to the time consumed in going there, and to the cheapness, as I may call it, of access?—Most certainly.

You would therefore consider that the more central the situation, putting all other points out of consideration, the greater advantage it would be to the public?—Yes; there is this, however, to be said, that a central situation involves the crowding of the room with parties wholly uninterested in the matter—a situation more retired will generally be serviceable enough for the real student.

Would not that very much depend upon its being in a thoroughfare? There might be a central situation which would not be so complete a thoroughfare as to tempt persons to go in who were not likely to derive advantage from it?—I think that if this gallery were made so large and so beautiful as we are proposing, it would be rather a resort, rather a lounge every day, and all day long, provided it were accessible.

Would not that a good deal depend upon its being in a public thoroughfare? If it were in a thoroughfare, a great many persons might pass in who would be driven in by accident, or driven in by caprice, if they passed it; but if it were at a little distance from a thoroughfare it would be less crowded with those persons who are not likely to derive much advantage from it?—Quite so; but there would always be an advantage in attracting a crowd; it would always extend its educational ability in its being crowded. But it would seem to me that all that is necessary for a noble museum of the best art should be more or less removed, and that a collection, solely for the purpose of education, and for the purpose of interesting people who do not care much about art, should be provided in the very heart of the population, if possible, that pictures not of great value, but of sufficient value to interest the public, and of merit enough to form the basis of early education, and to give examples of all art, should be collected in the popular Gallery, but that all the precious things should be removed and put into the great Gallery, where they would be safest, irrespectively altogether of accessibility.

*Chairman.*—Then you would, in fact, have not one but two Galleries?—Two only.

*Professor Paraday.*—And you would seem to desire purposely the removal of the true and head Gallery to some distance, so as to prevent the great access of persons?—Yes.

Thinking that all those who could make a real use of a Gallery would go to that one?—Yes. My opinion in that respect has been altered within these few days from the fact having been brought to my knowledge of sculpture being much deteriorated by the atmosphere, and the total impossibility of protecting sculpture. Pictures I do not care about, for I can protect them, but not sculpture.

*Dean of St. Paul's.*—Whence did you derive that knowledge?—I forget who told me; it was some authority I thought conclusive, and therefore took no special note of.

*Chairman.*—Do you not consider that it is rather prejudicial to art that there should be a gallery notoriously containing no first-rate works of art, but second-rate or third-rate works?—No; I think it rather valuable as an expression of the means of education, that there should be early lessons in art—that there should be this sort of art selected especially for first studies, and also that there should be a recognition of the exceeding preciousness of some other art. I think that portions of it should be set aside, as interesting, but not unreplaceable; but that other portions should be set aside, as being things as to which the function of the nation was, chiefly, to take care of those things, not for itself merely, but for all its descendants, and setting the example of taking care of them for ever.

You do not think, then, that there would be any danger in the studying or the copying of works which notoriously were not the best works?—On the contrary, I think it would be better that works not altogether the best should be first submitted. I never should think of giving the best work myself to a student to copy—it is hopeless; he would not feel its beauties—he would merely blunder over it. I am perfectly certain that that cannot be serviceable in the particular branch of art which I profess, namely, landscape-painting; I know that I must give more or less of bad examples.

*Mr. Richmond.*—But you would admit nothing into this second gallery which was not good or true of its kind?—Nothing which was not good or true of its kind, but only inferior in value to the others.

And if there were any other works which

might be deposited there with perfect safety, say precious drawings, which might be protected by glass, you would not object to exhibit those to the unselected multitude?—Not in the least; I should be very glad to do so, provided I could spare them from the grand chronological arrangement.

Do you think that a very interesting supplementary exhibition might be got up, say at Trafalgar-square, and retained there?—Yes; and all the more useful, because you would put few works, and you could make it complete in series—and because on a small scale, you would have the entire series. By selecting a few works, you would have an epitome of the Grand Gallery, the divisions of the Chronology being all within the compartment of a wall, which in the great Gallery would be in a separate division of the building.

*Mr. Cockerell.*—Do you contemplate the possibility of excellent copies being exhibited of the most excellent works both of Sculpture and of Painting?—I have not contemplated that possibility. I have a great horror of copies of any kind, except only of sculpture. I have great fear of copies of Painting; I think people generally catch the worst parts of the painting and leave the best.

But you would select the artist who should make the copy. There are persons whose whole talent is concentrated in the power of imitation of a given picture, and a great talent it is.—I have never in my life seen a good copy of a good picture.

*Chairman.*—Have you not seen any of the German copies of some of the great Italian masters which are generally esteemed very admirable works?—I have not much studied the works of the copyists; I have not observed them much, never having yet found an exception to that rule which I have mentioned. When I came across a copyist in the Gallery of the Vatican, or in the Gallery at Florence, I had a horror of the mischief, and the scandal and the libel upon the Master, from the supposition that such a thing as that in any way resembled his work, and the harm that it would do to the populace among whom it was shown.

*Mr. Richmond.*—You look upon it as you would upon coining bad money and circulating it, doing mischief?—Yes, it is mischievous.

*Mr. Cockerell.*—But you admit engravings—you admit photographs of these works, which are imitations in another language?—Yes; in abstract terms, they are rather descriptions of the paintings than copies—they are rather measures and definitions of them—they are hints and tables of the pictures, rather than copies of them, they do not pretend to the same excellence in any way.

You speak as a connoisseur; how would the common eye of the public agree with you in that opinion?—I think it would not agree with me. Nevertheless, if I were taking some of my workmen into the National Gallery, I should soon have some hope of making them understand in what excellence consisted, if I could point to a genuine work; but I should have no such hope if I had only copies of these pictures.

Do you hold much to the archaeological, chronological, and historical series and teaching of pictures?—Yes.

Are you of opinion that that is essential to the creative teaching, with reference to our future schools?—No. I should think not essential at all. The teaching of the future artist I should think might be accomplished by very few pictures of the class which that particular artist wished to study. I think that the chronological arrangement is in nowise connected with the general efficiency of the gallery as matter of study, for the artist, but very much so as a means of study, not for persons interested in painting merely, but for those who wish to examine the general history of nations; and I think that painting should be considered by that class of persons as containing precious evidence. It would be part of the philosopher's work to examine the art of a nation as well as its poetry.

You consider that art speaks a language and tells a tale which no written document can effect?—Yes, and far more precious; the whole soul of a nation generally goes with its art. It may be urged by an ambitious king to become a warrior



nation. It may be trained by a single leader to become a great warrior nation, and its character at that time may materially depend upon that one man, but in its art all the mind of the nation is more or less expressed; it can be said, that was what the peasant sought, when he went into the city to the cathedral in the morning—that was the sort of book the poor person read or learned in—the sort of picture he prayed to. All which involves infinitely more important considerations than common history.

*Dean of St. Paul's.*—When you speak of your objections to copies of pictures, do you carry that objection to casts of sculpture?—Not at all.

Supposing there could be no complete union of the great works of sculpture in a country with the great works of painting in that country, would you consider that a good selection of casts comprising the great remains of sculpture of all ages would be an important addition to a public gallery?—I should be very glad to see it.

If you could not have it of originals you would wish very much to have a complete collection of casts, of course selected from all the finest sculptures in the world?—Certainly.

*Mr. Richmond.*—Would you do the same with architecture—would you collect the remains of architecture, as far as they are to be collected, and unite them with sculpture and painting?—I should think that architecture consisted, as far as it was portable, very much in sculpture. In saying that, I mean, that in the different branches of sculpture architecture is involved—that is to say, you would have the statues belonging to such and such a division of a building. Then if you had casts of those statues, you would necessarily have those casts placed exactly in the same position as the original statues—it involves the buildings surrounding them and the elevation—it involves the whole architecture.

In addition to that, would you have original drawings of architecture, and models of great buildings, and photographs, if they could be made permanent, of the great buildings as well as the mouldings and casts of the mouldings, and the members as far as you could obtain them?—Quite so.

Would you also include in the National Gallery what may be called the handicraft of a nation—works for domestic use or ornament? For instance, we know that there were some salt-cellars designed for one of the popes, would you have those if they came to us?—Everything; pots and pans, and salt-cellars, and knives.

You would have everything that had an interesting art element in it?—Yes.

*Dean of St. Paul's.*—In short, a modern Pompeian Gallery?—Yes; I know how much greater extent that involves, but I think that you should include all the iron-work, and china, and pottery, and so on. I think that all works in metal, all works in clay, all works in carved wood, should be included. Of course that involves much. It involves all the coins—it involves an immense extent.

Supposing it were possible to concentrate in one great museum the whole of these things, where should you prefer to draw the line? Would you draw the line between what I may call the ancient Pagan world and the modern Christian world, and so leave, to what may be called the ancient world, all the ancient sculpture, and any fragments of ancient painting which there might be—all the vases, all the ancient bronzes, and, in short, everything which comes down to a certain period? Do you think that that would be the best division, or should you prefer any division which takes special arts, and keeps those arts together?—I should like the Pagan and Christian division. I think it very essential that wherever the sculpture of a nation was, there its iron work should be—that wherever its iron work was, there its pottery should be, and so on.

And you would keep the mediæval works together, in whatever form those mediæval works existed?—Yes; I should not at all feel injured by having to take a cab-drive from one century to another century.

Or from the ancient to the modern world?—No. *Mr. Richmond.*—If it were found convenient to keep separate the Pagan and the Christian art, with which would you associate the mediæval?—By "Christian and Pagan Art" I mean, before Christ, and after Christ.

Then the mediæval would come with the paintings?—Yes: and also the Mahomedan, and all the Pagan art which was after Christ, I should associate as part, and a most essential part, because it seems to me that the history of Christianity is complicated perpetually with that which Christianity was effecting. Therefore, it is a matter of date, not of Christianity. Everything before Christ I should be glad to see separated, or you may take any other date that you like.

But the inspiration of the two schools—the Pagan and the Christian—seems so different, that there would be no great violence done to the true theory of a national gallery in dividing those two, would there, if each were made complete in itself?—That is to say, taking the spirit of the world after Christianity was in it, and the spirit of the world before Christianity was in it.

*Dean of St. Paul's.*—The birth of Christ, you say, is the commencement of Christian art?—Yes.

Then Christian influence began, and, of course, that would leave a small debatable ground, particularly among the ivories for instance, which we must settle according to circumstances?—Wide of any debatable ground; all the art of a nation which had never heard of Christianity, the Hindoo art and so on, would, I suppose, if of the Christian era, go into the Christian gallery.

I was speaking rather of the transition period, which, of course, there must be?—Yes.

*Mr. Cockerell.*—There must be a distinction between the terms "museum" and "gallery." What are the distinctions which you would draw in the present case?—I should think "museum" was the right name of the whole building. A "gallery" is, I think, merely a room in a museum adapted for the exhibition of works in a series, whose effect depends upon their collateral showing forth.

There are certainly persons who would derive their chief advantage from the historical and chronological arrangements which you propose, but there are others who look alone for the beautiful, and who say, "I have nothing to do with your pedantry. I desire to have the beautiful before me. Show me those complete and perfect works which are received and known as the works of Phidias and the great Greek masters as far as we possess them, and the works of the great Italian painters. I have not time, nor does my genius permit that I should trouble myself with those details." There is a large class who are guided by those feelings?—And I hope who always will be guided by them; but I should consult their feelings enough in the setting before them of the most beautiful works of art. All that I should beg of them to yield to me would be that they should look at Titian only, or at Raphael only, and not wish to have Titian and Raphael side by side; and I think I should be able to teach them, as a matter of beauty, that they did enjoy Titian and Raphael alone better than mingled. Then I would provide them beautiful galleries full of the most noble sculpture. Whenever we come as a country and a nation to provide beautiful sculpture, it seems to me that the greatest pains should be taken to set it off beautifully. You should have beautiful sculpture in the middle of the room, with dark walls round it to throw out its profile, and you should have all the arrangements made there so as to harmonize with it, and to set forth every line of it. So the painting gallery, I think, might be made a glorious thing, if the pictures were level, and the architecture above produced unity of impression from the beauty and glow of colour and the purity of form.

*Mr. Richmond.*—And you would not exclude a Crevelli because it was quaint, or an early master of any school—you would have the infancy, the youth, and the age, of each school, would you not?—Certainly.

*Dean of St. Paul's.*—Of the German as well as the Italian?—Yes.

*Mr. Richmond.*—Spanish and all the schools?—Certainly.

*Mr. Cockerell.*—You are quite aware of the great liberality of the Government, as we learn from the papers, in a recent instance, namely, the purchase of a great Paul Veronese?—I am rejoiced to hear it. If it is confirmed, nothing will have given me such pleasure for a long time. I think it is the most precious Paul Veronese in the world, as far as the completion of the picture goes, and quite a priceless picture.

Can you conceive a Government, or a people, who would countenance so expensive a purchase, condescending to take up with the occupation of the upper story of some public building, or with an expedient which should not be entirely worthy of such a noble Gallery of Pictures?—I do not think that they ought to do so; but I do not know how far they will be consistent. I certainly think they ought not to put up with any such expedient. I am not prepared to say what limits there are to consistency or inconsistency.

*Mr. Richmond.*—I understand you to have given in evidence that you think a National Collection should be illustrative of the whole art in all its branches?—Certainly.

Not a cabinet of paintings, not a collection of sculptured works; but illustrative of the whole art?—Yes.

Have you any further remark to offer to the Commissioners?—I wish to say one word respecting the question of the restoration of Statuary. It seems to me a very simple question. Much harm is being at present done in Europe by restoration; more harm than was ever done, as far as I know, by revolutions or by wars. The French are now doing great harm to their cathedrals, under the idea that they are doing good, destroying more than all the good they are doing. And all this proceeds from the one great mistake of supposing that sculpture can be restored when it is injured. I am very much interested by the question which one of the Commissioners asked me in that respect; and I would suggest whether it does not seem easy to avoid all questions of that kind. If the Statue is injured, leave it so, but provide a perfect copy of the Statue in its restored form; offer, if you like, prizes to sculptors for conjectural restorations, and choose the most beautiful, but do not touch the original work.

*Professor Faraday.*—You said some time ago that in your own attempts to instruct the public there had not been time yet to see whether the course taken had produced improvement or not. You see no signs at all which lead you to suppose that it will not produce the improvement which you desire?—Far from it—I understood the Dean of St. Paul's to ask me whether any general effect had been produced upon the minds of the public. I have only been teaching a class of about forty workmen for a couple of years, after their work—they not always attending—and that forty being composed of people passing away and coming again; and I do not know what they are now doing; I only see a gradual succession of men in my own class. I rather take them in an elementary class, and pass them to a master in a higher class. But I have the greatest delight in the progress which these men have made, so far as I have seen it; and I have not the least doubt that great things will be done with respect to them.

*Chairman.*—Will you state precisely what position you hold?—I am master of the Elementary and Landscape School of Drawing at the Working Men's College in Great Ormond-street. My efforts are directed not to making a carpenter an artist, but to making him happier as a carpenter.

#### GOSSIP OF THE WEEK.

AFTER twenty-two years' interval the British Association will again visit Dublin, where the meeting commences on Wednesday, when Dr. Daubeny will resign the chair to Dr. Lloyd. An unusual num-

ber of distinguished men of science have signified their intention of being present, and an interesting meeting is anticipated. The local committee has made ample arrangements for the incidental proceedings as well as the more strictly scientific business of the Association, and those members who have not visited Dublin are not likely to have another such opportunity of seeing all its sights to advantage. The meetings of sections will take place in Trinity College, and the evening *conversations* at the Dublin Society House and the Royal Irish Academy. Among the evening lectures is to be one by Professor William Thompson, on the Atlantic Telegraph, a subject in which additional interest is excited by the recent untoward accident.

Professor Monier Williams, late of Haileybury, has been appointed to the Oriental Professorship at Cheltenham College, vacant by the death of A. D. Gordon, Esq. Cheltenham College promises to be a good school for training candidates for the Indian civil service, and the appointment of Professor Williams, one of the ablest of our Oriental scholars, will give much satisfaction.

Sad news has been this week received from the Central Africa exploring party under Dr. Vogel. Not only has the report which we some time since published of the murder of Dr. Vogel been confirmed, but intelligence has been received of the murder also of Corporal Maguire, who was bringing home his papers and instruments.

A fortnight ago we gave the results of the last entrance examinations for the Artillery and Engineers, in order to show what schools were conspicuous in turning out successful candidates. A list has since been published of the gainers of appointments in the East India Civil Service, according to the examinations in July. Twelve appointments have been allotted by this competition. Ireland again heads the list, Queen's College, Belfast, having educated the candidate with the highest number of marks. Brighton College and Edinburgh University send the second and third candidates; Queen's College, Belfast, and St. John's College, Cambridge, divide the honour of the next on the list, the two being equal. Exeter College, Oxford; St. John's, Oxford; Trinity College, Dublin; Queen's, Belfast; Lincoln College, Oxford, and Merton College, Oxford, have trained the remaining candidates in their order on the list. Oxford has furnished five out of the twelve, three of them being from St. John's College. Queen's College, Belfast, also has sent three. The highest number of marks is 2427, the next being 2374 and 2311; and the two lowest are 1941 and 1914. These competitive examinations will yearly excite more emulation, but it will only be after many trials that any conclusions can be drawn as to the advantages in the training of particular places of education.

The Crystal Palace shareholders have learned that there is no royal road to get out of their difficulties, and the meeting on Tuesday was more quiet and reasonable in its proceedings than some had anticipated. Mr. Fergusson's reply to the Report of the Committee of Investigation having been circulated since the last meeting, the Chairman allowed the business to commence by the Secretary of the Committee reading a rejoinder to the General Manager's reply. After some discussion, it became obvious that time would only be lost by argument and recrimination on past transactions, and on the part of the Directors the Chairman admitted that the Report of the Committee contained many valuable recommendations, to the consideration of which they had better now address themselves. On the understanding that "by-gones were to be by-gones," there will be on all hands a steady resolve to have greater economy, prudence, and energy in the future management. The first recommendation of the Committee was for general meetings of the Shareholders, and presentation of finance reports twice instead of once a year, which was carried, though it was stated by the Directors that a complete statement of accounts could not be made up oftener than at present. A proposal to raise the number of Directors from eight to twelve, with salaries of 630*l.*, was carried,

but a motion to dispense with the services of a General Manager was negatived. The principal discussion took place on the question of allowing Shareholders free admission on Sundays to the Palace and grounds, and for holders of ten shares to have free family tickets for six persons. An amendment was moved to the effect, that admission by payment, directly or indirectly, was contrary to the charter of the Company. This was lost, and ultimately it was settled that the Directors were to use every means to obtain an alteration in this part of the charter, or to find a way of admitting Shareholders through some existing law. The proposal to raise 250,000*l.* additional preference stock by debentures, to pay six per cent., was unanimously approved as a necessary step to meet pressing claims. On the whole, the tone of feeling was less desponding than at previous meetings. The annual income has been brought up to 115,000*l.*, and this year it is expected to be greater, while economy will be rigidly enforced. Facility of access, with less loss of time than at present, is absolutely indispensable to more numerous attendance. It is also now understood that more dependence is to be placed on the general attractions of the Palace and gardens, and on entertainments suited to the masses of the people, than on opera concerts and expensive performances and exhibitions, for which other places are more suitable.

The Scottish papers recently announced the death, at Annat Cottage, near Errol, of Mr. Archibald Corrie, in his 80th year. His name may be unknown to many, but there are few who have not often read his reports on agriculture. He was long the chief correspondent of the northern papers on such subjects from the rich district of the Carse of Gowrie, and his reports were usually copied into the papers in all parts of the kingdom. As a practical agriculturist, an able and agreeable writer on rural industry and natural history, and a man of great worth of character, Mr. Corrie was held in high estimation. In early life he was the associate of Miller, the author of 'The Gardeners' Dictionary,' and of Mr. George Don, whose botanical zeal he shared. From his native county of Perth, where he was born in 1777, he removed about 1797 to a horticultural post near Edinburgh, which he held for some years, and was succeeded by the late Mr. J. C. Loudon. For the last fifty years he has resided at Annat in Perthshire, being manager of that estate, and farming also on his own account. His publications in all departments of agriculture and horticulture are numerous, and have exercised great influence in the progress of the art. Some of his papers in Loudon's and other magazines of Natural History are as delightful in their way as the letters of Gilbert White of Selbourne, and we feel that we have lost one of the last of the old school of naturalists, who, if inferior to their successors in scientific details and in the knowledge obtained from books, were more familiar with nature, and turned their inquiries to the practical uses of rural industry and enjoyment.

From the report by Mr. Cyrus Field, the acting manager of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, it appears that the fracture of the cable took place at a quarter before four on the morning of Tuesday the 9th inst. At that time 335 nautical miles of cable had been successfully paid out, the last hundred miles being in water above two miles in depth, and the greater part at the rate of five knots an hour. At the time of the accident there was a heavy swell on. The *Niagara* was then going at the rate of four knots an hour, and as the cable was then found to be running out at too great a speed in proportion to that of the ship, the breaks were applied more firmly, and the cable broke under the sudden strain. It is something to have demonstrated that a cable of two thousand miles in length transmits signals with the greatest facility, and through three hundred and thirty-five miles, the greatest part in very deep water, no interruption to the communication of messages was experienced. When the attempt to lay the cable is resumed, it will be with improved machinery, and with some contrivance for recovering hold of the fractured portion. Should such an untoward event

again occur, one proposal is to pass the cable through a large ring attached to a ship following in the wake of that which pays out the line. Another proposal is to have buoys at intervals, so as to admit of the cable sinking more leisurely. It is not likely that the attempt will be successfully renewed this season. If this cable were purchased by Government for being laid down between Alexandria and Malta, and Malta and Cagliari, or some point on the Sardinian mainland, it would be a great step towards the electro-telegraphic communication with India, an object of far greater importance at present than the Anglo-American line of junction.

The troubles in the East will have one important and useful result in compelling greater attention to Indian history and Indian affairs. It will not be possible, after this time, for the British press to betray so great an ignorance on such subjects. An amusing series of blunders we observe in a contemporary literary journal, in connexion with an anecdote quoted from the Diary of Mr. Raikes. The story as told by the Duke of Wellington to Mr. Raikes was this:—Villèle in early life was a lieutenant in the French navy, and in that situation once received a curious lesson of English coolness. When Admiral Cornwallis was blockading (B)angalore, the French frigate on board of which Villèle served, wanted to introduce some supplies, which the Admiral would not permit, saying that if they persisted in the attempt he would fire upon them. The French lieutenant, thinking he would not put his threats in execution, made for the port, when Cornwallis immediately put his ship alongside, and gave him such a broadside, that he struck his flag at once, and said, "We are your prisoners." "No; not at all," said Cornwallis; "I am not at war with you, and have nothing further to say to you: go about your business." But this they did not choose to understand, and insisted on his taking them in tow as victor, which he at last complied with, and took them to the nearest French port, when he made them his bow and left them. Such is the story as quoted by our contemporary, in whose columns of gossip next week appeared the following critical correction:—"There is some confusion in the anecdote of Villèle and Cornwallis quoted by you from 'Raikes's Journal.' Cornwallis, I need not tell you, was never an admiral, but was Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of Bengal when he besieged Bangalore in 1791, and therefore not likely to command a ship. Moreover, Bangalore is 200 miles from the sea, on a tableland 3000 feet high,—two difficulties against a French frigate attempting to enter the town with supplies, or receiving a broadside from an English line-of-battle ship, even though the latter were commanded by a general in the army." To this was added, as the editorial explanation, "either that Mr. Raikes misheard the Duke's story, or that the Duke's memory had failed in some curious particulars!" The "curious" point is, that these correctors of Mr. Raikes have been misled by the typographical error of a single letter, which ought to have been obvious. For Bangalore read Mangalore, a well-known Indian port, through which, in the days of Hyder Ali and Tipposa Saib, the French held no little communication with these potentates. It is not unlikely that a French frigate from the Mauritius would try to throw supplies into Mangalore. The corrector of Mr. Raikes is also witty at the idea of Cornwallis commanding a ship. The Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief certainly never was an Admiral, but these critics do not seem to have ever heard of his brother, Admiral Cornwallis, long well known in the Indian seas. A good anecdote of the two brothers we have from an old Indian. On one occasion when the Marquis was passenger in his brother's ship, the Admiral, with the true sailor contempt for the red-coats, sent a message to his brother: "Quarter-Master, go, tell that soldier officer he has no right to walk the weather side of His Majesty's quarter-deck."

The Institute of France—which consists of the



five Academies of the Sciences, Fine Arts, Inscriptions et Belles Lettres, Moral and Political Sciences, and the "Française"—held its grand annual meeting at Paris on Monday last, and as usual that meeting excited great interest, not only in the literary and scientific worlds, but amongst the public. The Count de Montalembert presided over it, and delivered a speech, in which he exalted the duties and the services of the Institute, lauded the members of whom death has recently deprived it, and (in order to have a hit at the existing Government, to which neither he nor the Institute is friendly) deplored the moral and intellectual degradation into which, according to him, France has fallen. After this speech, it was announced that the Volney prize for the present year has been awarded by the Académie Française to M. Micklosich, for a work on the grammar of Slavonian dialects. Some of the papers were then read, one of them being by M. A. Thierry, on the election of a Bishop of Bourges in the fifth century of the Christian era; another an eulogium by M. Hittorf, the architect, on M. Schinkel, a deceased associate of the Academy. M. Viennet, one of the Academicians, terminated, as usual, the sitting by reading a piece of verse, which playfully satirized, in an academical point of view, turning tables, spirit-rapping, crinoline, the fears that the world would be destroyed by a comet, and other follies of the day.

The French Government, on the occasion of the Emperor's fête, which fell on the 15th, made a large distribution of crosses of the Legion of Honour, and in it literary and scientific men and artists were, as usual in France, not forgotten. Amongst them we notice Alexander Dumas, junior, Marie Aeyard, Melesville, Paulin Limayrac, Clairville, and Louandre, authors; Kiener, Chacornac, Payer, and Bertrand, savans; Winterhalter, Ondiné, Bosiot, and Jacquot, artists.

The third number of 'The Antiquities and Artistic Memorials of the Royal House of Bavaria' has just appeared. It is edited at the desire and expense of the king, and got up in a splendid manner by Herr von Aretin. There are many most interesting illustrations, and amongst them one extremely well executed of the old Munich royal church, which is, alas! now among the things that have been, the rank grass growing luxuriantly where once the pilgrims' feet trod.

Professor Allen, the well-known Danish historian, has just published the first part of a work on the Danish language, and the national customs of the Duchy of Schleswick, a remarkably well digested and valuable addition to the history of our times. A German translation of the first part is expected in a few weeks.

## FINE ARTS.

### THE TWO ART UNIONS.

If the primary object of an Art Union be to disseminate good taste, and to bring together a tolerably fair assemblage of interesting pictures, there is no doubt about the superior advantages of the system adopted by the Glasgow Society. Let anybody visit the rooms in Pall Mall East, and afterwards those of the London Art Union in Suffolk-street, and judge for himself. In the former collection, good pictures are the rule and bad ones the exception. In the latter it is precisely the reverse. The result is such as may perhaps be expected from the arrangements carried out by either society. In the Glasgow Union, as the majority of our readers doubtless know, the prizes are awarded by lot, but the pictures assigned by way of prize are selected by the committee. The London Art Union prizeholders, on the other hand, choose their pictures for themselves. But this is not all, for the Glasgow Union is able to go into the market on the private view days of the respective exhibitions and purchase; whereas the prizeholders of the other Union can only select late in the season, when the best of the pictures are already sold. The latter reason is perhaps the only excuse for some of the selections which occupy pro-

minent positions in the rooms of the British Artists. At the same time the London system is doubtless most attractive to the subscriber. Every person, probably, who draws a prize, would rather choose for himself than have a selection made for him by a committee of the most perfect taste that could be procured in the three kingdoms.

The sum subscribed to the London Art Union this year was 13,218*l.*; a fair average of support, though less than that of two years preceding. The amount expended by them in the same year, in paintings, has been 6423*l.*; in prints, &c., 3547*l.* 15*s.* 1*d.* The number of subscriptions to the Glasgow Union is not published; but they have been distributed, by way of prizes, in paintings, 6504*l.*; in copies of a marble bust, 126*l.*; in Parian groups, 180*l.*; besides 1200 portfolios, containing each 12 photographs. These are independent, in either case, of the print for the year.

The first prize in the Glasgow Collection is the admirable picture, by Philip, *Parlando de la Pava, or Lovers at a Window* (420*l.*) Several difficulties have been successfully mastered in this painting, particularly the conflict of lights from the deep blue moon-lit sky outside the window bars to the lamplight within. The figures of the lovers are admirably drawn in the costume that is so intensely national, and with an expression which is in no way inferior to the other merits of this accomplished and poetical work.

The second, of 315*l.*, is that of *Ases Drinking—Seville* (Mr. Ansdell's Academy picture), which attracted so much admiration in its former position, and is, if possible, already improved by time. The quality of the painting is the very best of its kind, and the tone is certainly superior to what it was when new. Whether in the character of the figures of the old man and girl, or in the peculiar ornaments and accoutrements of the animals, or in the excellent imitation of texture, this is certainly one of the most successful productions of the year.

Of the third picture, Mr. Pickersgill's scene, *Little Children brought to Christ*, it is impossible to speak with much satisfaction. As a work of the highest art, it is simply powerless; it appeals to no class or character of religious sympathies whatever, whilst in all minor matters of composition, figure, drawing, costume, and colouring, it is merely an exhibition of long-established rules of art, as varied by the somewhat mannered treatment of the artist. It is necessary at times to say emphatically that this method of dealing with religious subjects will not do. It wants dignity, thought, and meaning. This picture costs 300*l.*

Louis Haghe's *Venice* (250*l.*), is the next, a work in which the artist seems to have fancied that an accumulation of details, unimportant in themselves, will produce a powerful result. The well-known architecture of Venice is given under a glow of evening light, and is drawn with great accuracy, whilst the groups of figures are unusually numerous and varied. The stream of sunlight on either side of the church of San Giorgio is another well-known pictorial effect. This picture, though not in the artist's best style, has technical merits that atone for its conventionalities, and will render it always valuable.

Mr. J. Ritchie's *Sabbath in Winter* (250*l.*), is the first Scotch picture on the list, and will meet with many admirers. Mr. Ritchie's painting is about on a level with the descriptive writing of Godwin or of Crabbe—that is to say, it falls short of the very best. He is ingenious and inventive, and has managed to crowd into this scene as much incident as would supply materials for a novel. But he does not succeed in stirring the imagination, or in amusing the fancy. He tells us either too much or too little, and distracts the interest by a superabundance of homely life. The painting is not all equally good; but in the figures of the minister and his family, and of the snow in the foreground, is highly successful. There is great promise in this picture; but we should recommend to the artist moderation, and a closer adherence to manners, as they actually exist in nature.

*Sportmen Regaling* (200*l.*), by Louis Haghe, is another clever performance. The details are all

admirable, and the painting surprisingly good, considering the shortness of the artist's practice in oils; but the sportsmen look wonderfully like brother artists gracefully arrayed for the nonce in the costume of the chase—a group of summer-house foresters and hunters of the studio, whose roving does not extend beyond the end of the alcove, or the limits of the pleasure ground.

Mr. Sant's *Innocence* is the next prize of 180*l.* This is one of the least successful of Mr. Sant's later productions. The allegorical features are weak and trifling; and the painting slight in texture and uncertain in shade and colouring.

We have already noticed Mr. Hering's *Lago Laguna* (8*l.*), which is of the uniform type of undistinguished neatness and respectability. (170*l.*)

*The Auction* (170*l.*), by Macduff, is in a style less familiar. The imitation of Wilkie is obvious; but the work is inferior to that of Mr. Ritchie above, both in the action of the various groups and in the technical skill of painting. The ploughboy grinning at his reflection in the glass is a good point; but many of the figures are unprofitably engaged in doing nothing that is intelligible.

*Hinda*, by F. Wyburd (160*l.*), is a smooth-faced inanimate beauty, who will look remarkably well no doubt in an engraving. *Landing on the Lacan River*, by Erskine Nicol (180*l.*), as the name imports, is a landscape with a few figures introduced to give life to the scene. The tone of colouring is high. We are happy to see here Mr. J. W. Oakes's excellent and promising picture, *A Salmon Trap* (150*l.*). No one can fail to perceive the close and original observation of natural effects in this scene, and the thoughtful delineation of every feature. The mountain-top is just tinged with sunlight, whilst evening mists are rising from the river, and on the right, against a pure autumnal sky, is seen a mass of foliage and vegetation, preserving the distinctive character of the various trees and shrubs that compose it. Mr. Oakes has a future of distinction before him. We pass over Mr. A. W. Williams's *Haymaking* (120*l.*), though this is an excellent work of its class, and come to Mr. Faed's figure, *The Auld Stile* (110*l.*). There is something a little tricky in this picture, notwithstanding its excellent painting, which is unworthy of the artist. Mr. Faed aspires to paint character, and not pretty faces merely; then why should our Highland lassie be looking out of the picture at the spectator with this peculiar expression of hers? It is the true one, to be sure, that the artist meant to convey, but looks rather too much like an "aside" to the audience.

*The Covey* (105*l.*), by Mr. J. Wolfe, will be remembered as the remarkable snow picture exhibited at the British Institution. Mr. J. J. Wilson's *Morning after a Storm*, (105*l.*), and Mr. H. J. Boddington's *Close of an Autumnal Evening* (100*l.*), are both of a stereotyped class. Mr. Roberts's picture, *The Tardy Bridegroom* (100*l.*), the seventeenth prize, though announced in the catalogue, is unfinished, and does not yet appear, owing, we regret to say, to the illness of the artist.

Amongst the more noticeable remaining works may be enumerated Mr. Pettitt's *Mountain Mirror*, Mr. Niemann's *Ludlow Castle*, a fine dark solemn landscape; Mr. Cope's study for the fresco of *Lara* in the New Palace of Westminster; W. Duffield's *Fruit*; Mr. G. C. Stanfield's *Beilstein on the Moselle*; Mr. Goodall's *Scene in the Trenches near Sebastopol*; Mr. S. M. Donald's *Moor Scene* (64*l.*), and a host of others. Indeed, down to the last Glasgow exhibition is interesting. There is a *Common near Crayford*, by Hulme, a very striking little picture; an excellent *Clovelly*, by Jutsum; and the *Head of a Deer Hound*, by Earle. The prize marble is called *The Day Dream*, by Macdowell, which is not remarkable as a specimen of art, and the group in Parian represents *Edward I. and Queen Eleanor*. The engraving of this year is *Noah's Sacrifice*, by W. H. Simmons, after MacLise.

If we turn to the London Art Union Exhibition the results are very different. The first prizeholder of 200*l.* has selected Mr. J. H. S. Mann's picture, *The Child's Grave* (5*l.*), in which little indeed can be found to admire. The sentiment is pretty

enough, but clearly overstrained. This grief is not the natural grief of children, any more than those arms and legs are of the natural colour of children; but we will add no more. *Falstaff promising to Marry Dame Quickly* (96) is the best choice amongst the high class pictures (100.) Here we have the knight actually in the dolphin chamber at the round table, holding the parcel-gilt goblet in one hand and *Dame Quickly* by the other, and good wife *Keech* coming in to borrow the vinegar for the dish of prawns, all complete. Only one fragment of the character of *Falstaff*, the "inimitable," as Dr. Johnson calls him, has been rendered by the artist; but what pencil can describe the undecipherable? So far as it goes the scene is open, hearty, and vigorous. The airy space of the apartment contributes not a little to the comfortable effect. The artist has been looking at Teniers and thinking of John Gilbert. *Return from Fishing* (37), by J. Tennant, is a pleasant landscape, with a group of fishermen in front (150L.) We are happy to see again here Mr. J. P. Pettitt's *Evening on the Llugwy* (30), Mr. J. B. Pyne's *Puffin Island* (23), Mr. Hayes's *Wind on Shore, Yarmouth* (54), Mr. T. F. Collier's "*Russ*" in the *Dargle, County Wicklow* (61), Mr. Jutsum's *Devonshire Fishing Village* (67), *Ravenswood* (71), by M. J. Lawless, *Crossing the Common* (90), by A. W. Williams, are excellent little pictures, rather mannered, but in a good style of art, after Linnell; and G. W. Hulme's *Vale of Bethus* (110).

Mr. Frederick Underhill's figure pictures have been selected in two instances, *Harvesters' Repast* (12) and *The Stepping Stones* (86); several evenings, nooks on the Thames, &c., by G. A. Williams; and many of Mr. Cole's glittering landscapes. One of these, that of *Leith Hill* (2), is painted with great care and minuteness, in a style of exact delineation of fields, highroads, country houses, &c., which can never fail to be popular. A gentleman has had the good taste also to select Miss L. Rymer's *Nook in the Conservatory* (53), an excellent piece of flower painting.

Amongst the water colour selections is an elaborate *View of Lago Maggiore* (131), by Rowbotham, and several spirited sketches by George Tripp, Bennett, W. C. Smith, and Mr. C. Pearson. One of Mr. Oliver's graceful little pictures from the Rhine, *Ehrenbreitstein and Coblenz* (130), is one of the gems of this portion of the collection.

Examples are to be found in the rooms of almost all the prizes of past years, and of most of the old engravings. In some instances also the copies are to be seen from the originals from which the engraving was made. Here are Mr. A. Solomon's, reduced copy of Hilton's *Crucifixion*, Dowall's copy of Pickersgill's *Burial of Harold*, copies of Stanfield's *Ischia*, and Sir A. Calcott's *Raffaello and the Fornarina*, by Denning, and the original *Sabrina* (156) by Frost. This, at any rate, is worth a visit; and in the same room may be seen etchings after Maclise's outlines illustrative of Shakespeare's *Seven Ages of Man*. Amidst the lamentable dearth of good art around, these designs will be found a welcome relief. The engraving for the year is a good one, a *Venice* after Turner, by J. T. Willmore.

The Art Union of London has our warmest wishes for its success; but it is impossible to conceal that in point of exhibition it is beaten out of the field by its northern rival.

The French Emperor, on Friday last, inaugurated the new buildings which make the Louvre and the Tuileries at Paris one great whole, and beyond comparison the most extensive and most magnificent palace in the world. His Majesty delivered a speech, which, like all that falls from him, was original in conception and elegant in language. The new buildings were designed and commenced by the late Visconti, the architect, but have been modified and completed by M. Lefuel. They have taken five years to execute, and have cost 36,000,000 francs (1,440,000L. sterling); but the interior remains to be fitted up and decorated, and, from the style in which this is to be done, it must absorb a very large sum indeed.

The solemn distribution of prizes to the most meritorious exhibitors in the Fine Arts Exhibition in Paris, took place with the usual degree of pomp a few days ago. The Grand Medal of Honour was awarded to M. Yvon, for a large painting of the taking of the Malakoff tower by the French troops. The other prizes, consisting of medals, were numerous. The Exhibition is to remain open to the end of the present month.

From Italy we learn that the fourth colossal statue, which is to ornament the Maria column, erected in honour of the Immaculate Conception, has been finished and placed upon its pedestal. It is a fine work of art, and represents the prophet Ezekiel. Great efforts are being made to have the monument finished and ready for consecration by the time the Pope returns to Rome.

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

AFTER a season of eleven months, the dramatic displays at the Princess's Theatre are to give place to a series of operatic performances, Madame Grisi, Madame Gassier, Mario, and other eminent artists, being announced to appear in their most popular parts. At Manchester an Italian company is performing, and performances are to be given in the autumn in all the principal towns in the kingdom. This operatic campaigning is likely to be overdone, and if in the reaction some consideration were regained for the English lyric drama and for other entertainments in which native genius and art are encouraged, the result may be good. The rebuilding of Covent Garden is resolved on, although it is a speculation certain to be financially disastrous. But the public need not complain if enthusiastic committees and sanguine shareholders provide for them the highest style of music. A revision and reduction of the prices of admission, so as to allow larger numbers to enjoy the opera, is the most likely way to enable the management to be prosperous. The new St. James's Hall, between Piccadilly and Regent-street, is advancing towards completion, and will be ready for next season. There is surely an over competition in providing large music halls. The Surrey Gardens Company, which started under favourable auspices, has long been in trouble, and its affairs are now about to be wound up. This movement appears to have been somewhat abrupt, as the funds collected for poor Mrs. Seacole are stated to have been arrested by the creditors before reaching their just destination. There must surely have been great mismanagement, to allow the affairs of the company to come to their present crisis. The attendance has usually been large, and M. Julien has conducted well his part of the entertainments. This week Madame Alboni has been the chief attraction, and on Monday is to commence a grand closing festival, including a country fair and rural sports, besides musical performances on a large scale, to last for a fortnight. Mr. T. P. Cooke has commenced another engagement at the Haymarket, his *William in Black-Eyed Susan* still attracting crowded houses. Since Mr. Cooke's last appearance, Mr. Charles Mathews has been giving farewell performances previous to his departure for America, which he has not visited since he gained the high place he now holds as an actor. We doubt very much if the Americans will understand him, but in New York there is a cosmopolitan population numerous enough to secure large audiences.

The Worcester Musical Festival commences on Tuesday morning, when a full cathedral service will be performed, with Handel's *Dettingen Te Deum*, and anthems by Mendelssohn and Dr. G. Elvey. On Wednesday morning Mendelssohn's *Elijah*; on Thursday, Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*, and selections from Costa's *Eli* and Handel's *Israel in Egypt*; and on Friday, Handel's *Messiah*, form the programme of sacred music. Among the selections for the miscellaneous concerts in the evenings are Macfarren's cantata, *May Day*, and Hatton's *Robin Hood*, with choice pieces of Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and other great composers. Madame

Clara Novello, Mrs. Clara Hepworth, Madame Weiss, Miss Dolby, Miss Vinning, Miss Palmer, Gardoni, Sims Reeves, M. Smith, Weiss, Thomas, and Formes are the principal vocalists.

Rossini, after many years spent in inactivity, is again (according to letters from Paris, where he is residing) engaged in composition, but whether of a grand opera, a comic opera, an oratorio, or what, he does not allow his friends to know.

Stuttgart has just lost one of her celebrities, in the person of Emilie Zurmteeg, the talented daughter of the celebrated musician of the same name. She died in the sixty-first year of her age, and her remains were accompanied to their last resting place by a vast concourse of admiring and loving friends. Her musical talents were of a high order, and she had gained the reputation of being one of the first instructors on the pianoforte in Germany.

The grand mass which Francis Liszt composed for the consecration of the Cathedral of Grau has just been printed in the Imperial Printing-house at Vienna. Liszt comes himself in November to Vienna, to conduct this mass in the Church of St. Augustine.

#### LEARNED SOCIETIES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—*March 6th.*—Sir Charles Fellows, Vice-President, in the chair. Edmund Beckett Denison, M.A., Esq., Q.C., M.R.I., "On the Great Bell of Westminster"—*continued.* We may now consider the composition of bell-metal. It is so well known to consist generally of from 5 to 3 of copper to 1 of tin, that all the alloys of that kind are technically called bell-metal, whatever purpose they may be used for; just as the softer alloys of 8 or 10 to 1 are called gun-metal; and the harder and more brittle alloy of 2 to 1 is called speculum-metal. But you may wish to know whether it has been clearly ascertained that there is no other metal or alloy which would answer better, or equally well and cheaper. The only ones that have been suggested are aluminium, either pure or alloyed with copper; cast steel; the iron and tin alloy, called union-metal; and perhaps we may add, glass. The first is, of course, out of the question at present, as it is about 50 times as dear as copper, even reckoning by bulk, and much more by weight. I have not heard any large steel bells myself, but I have met with scarcely anybody who has, and does not condemn them as harsh and disagreeable, and having in fact nothing to recommend them except their cheapness; and, as I said before, nothing can be more absurd than to spend money in buying cheap and bad luxuries. Much the same may be said of the iron and tin alloy, called union-metal, of which there was a large bell in the Exhibition of 1851. It was said by Mr. Stirling, the patentee of that manufacture (though I understand the same alloy is described by Rinman, in 1784), that it did not answer to make bells of it with the sound-bow thicker than the waist, as usual; and if such bells are worse than the thin ones of that composition, I can only say they must be very bad indeed. I have seen also some cheap bells, evidently composed chiefly of iron, but I do not know what else, and they are much worse than the union-metal bells. It is hardly necessary to say much of glass, because its brittleness is enough to disqualify it for use in bells; but besides that, the sound is very weak, compared with a bell-metal bell of the same size, or even the same weight, and of course much smaller. There is another metal, which you will probably expect me to notice as a desirable ingredient in bells, that is silver. All that I have to say of it is, that it is a purely poetical and not a chemical ingredient of any known bell-metal; and that there is no foundation whatever for the vulgar notion that it was used in old bells, nor the least reason to believe that it would do any good. I happened to hear of an instance where it had been tried by a gentleman who had put his own silver into the pot at the bellfoundry, some years ago. I wrote to him to inquire about it, and he could not say that he re-



membered any particular effect. This seemed to me quite enough to settle that question. You may easily see for yourselves that a silver cup makes a rather worse bell than a cast-iron saucepan. Dr. Percy, who has taken great interest in this subject, has cast several other small bells, by way of trying the effect of different alloys, besides the iron and tin just now mentioned. Here is one of iron 95, and antimony 5. The effect is not very different from that of iron and tin of the same proportions, and clearly not so good as copper and tin; and I should mention that antimony is generally considered to produce an analogous effect to tin in alloys, but always to the detriment of the metal in point of tenacity and strength. Again, here is a bell of a very singular composition, copper 88.65, and phosphorus 11.35. It makes a very hard compound, and capable of a fine polish, but more brittle than bell-metal, and inferior in sound even to the iron alloys. Copper 90.14, and aluminium 9.86, which makes the aluminium bear about the same proportion in bulk as the tin usually does, seemed much more promising. The alloy exceeds any bell-metal in strength and toughness, and polishes like gold; and as was mentioned in the lecture here on aluminium last year, it is superior to everything except gold and platinum in its resistance to the tarnishing effects of the air. This alloy would probably be an excellent material for watch wheels, the reeds of organ pipes, and a multitude of other things for which brass is now used—far weaker and more easily corroded metal, but as yet much cheaper. But for all this, it will not stand for a moment against the old copper and tin alloys for bells; in fact, it is clearly the worst of all that we have yet tried. Here is also a brass model for casting bells, which is of course a brass bell itself, and that is better than the phosphorus and aluminium alloys, though inferior to bell-metal. (These were all exhibited.) So much for the compound metals that have been tried as a substitute for bell-metal. But we have now, through the kindness of M. Ste. Claire Deville, of Paris, who exhibited the mode of making aluminium here last year, the opportunity of realizing the anticipation then formed, from the sonority of a bar of aluminium hung by a string, and struck. He has taken great pains in casting a bell of this metal, from a drawing of our Westminster bell, reduced to six inches diameter. He has also turned the surface, which improves the sound of small bells, where the small unevennesses of casting bear a sensible proportion to the thickness of the metal, and in fact has done everything to produce as perfect an aluminium bell as possible, though at its present price it can hardly be regarded as more than a curiosity. But now for the great question of its sound. I am afraid [ringing it] that it must be pronounced to exceed all the others in badness, as much as it does in cost. I cannot say I am much surprised; indeed you may see in the book I have referred to, that I did not expect it to be successful as a bell, any more than silver, merely because a bar of it will ring. But it was well worth while to try the experiment and settle it. Still the question remains, what are the best proportions for the copper and tin alloy, which we are now quite sure, in some proportions, will give the strongest, clearest, and best sound possible? They have varied from something less than 3 to something more than 4 of copper to 1 of tin, even disregarding the bad bells of modern times, some of which contain no more than 10 per cent. of tin instead of from  $\frac{1}{4}$ th to  $\frac{1}{2}$ th, and no less than 10 per cent. of zinc, lead, and iron adulteration, as you may see in Ure's Dictionary, and other books. Without going through the details of the various experiments, it will be sufficient to say that we found by trial, what seemed probable enough before trial, that the best metal for this purpose is that which has the highest specific gravity of all the mixtures of copper and tin. It is clear, however, that the copper now smelted will not carry so much tin as the old copper did without making the alloy too brittle to be safely used. You will see from the table of analyses, which I shall give presently, that the Westminster bell contains less tin and antimony together, and more copper, than the old bells

of York Minster, and a great deal less tin in proportion to the copper than the famous bell of Rouen, which was broken up and melted into cannon in the first French revolution, and of which it is worth while to mention that it appears to have been commonly called the silver bell, though the analysis shows it had not a trace of silver in it. We found that the 3 to 1 alloy, even melted twice over, had a conchoidal fracture like glass, and was very much more brittle than 22 to 7 twice melted, or 7 to 2 once melted; and accordingly, the metal used for the Westminster bells is 22 to 7 twice melted; or, reducing it for convenience of comparison to a percentage, the tin is 24.1 of the alloy (not of the copper), and the copper 75.86, which you see is very nearly the same as the result of the analysis of the bell when cast. This may seem extraordinary, because it is well known that the tin wastes more in melting than the copper; but no doubt the explanation of it is, that the antimony which comes out with the tin in the analysis goes in with the copper in the composition, unless special means are taken to eliminate it, which is not worth while, as antimony produces the same kind of effect as the tin, and a little of it does no harm; as we know from intentionally putting some into a small bell, though it is an inferior metal to tin both for bells and organ pipes, in which I understand it is frequently substituted to stiffen the lead, because the English organ builders will not use as much tin as the old ones did, and the German ones still do. This 22 to 7 mixture, or even 3½ to 1, which is probably the best proportion to use for bells made at one melting, is a much 'higher' metal, as they call it, than the modern bellfounders, either English or French, generally use. As there is no great difference in the price of the two metals, the reason why they prefer the lower quantity of tin is, that it makes the bells softer, and therefore easier to cut for turning, which is obviously a very insufficient reason. I advise everybody who makes a contract for bells, to stipulate that they shall be rejected if they are found on analysis to contain less than 22, or at any rate 21 per cent. of tin, or more than 2 per cent. of anything but copper and tin.

#### Analysis of several Bell-Metals.

	Rouen.	Gisors.	York.	Lincoln.	Westminster.	
			Old Peal.	1610.	Top.	Bottom.
Copper ...	71.1	72.4	72.76	74.7	75.31	75.07
Tin (with Antimony) ...	26.6	24.2	25.39	23.11	24.37	24.7
Iron ...	1.2	...	.33	.09	.11	.12
Zinc ...	1.8	1.	...	traces	...	...
Lead ...	...	4	1.77	traces	traces	traces
Nickel ...	...	...	.55	.53	...	...
Specific Gravity ...	...	...	8.76	8.78	8.947	8.869
					8.94	8.94

The foundry was afraid that by insisting on so much tin I should make the bell too brittle. I was satisfied that if they cast it properly it would not be so; and I shall now give some proofs of that. The first is, that the bell has now been rung frequently with a clapper from two to three times as heavy in proportion to the bell as all the other large bells in England, and pulled sometimes by as many as ten men. Secondly, I have a piece of the bell, or rather of one of the runners at the top, which is always the least dense and the weakest part of the casting, about 2 inches square, and 6 inch thick. I tried to break it in two with a 4 lb. hammer on an anvil, both with and without the intervention of a cold chisel, and I tried in vain; whereas a piece of the Doncaster bell-metal, cast in 1835, which was exactly twice as thick, and therefore ought to have been four times as strong, broke quite easily under the first blow of the hammer, although it is at the same time softer, but of less specific gravity by something like 12 per cent., and visibly porous. In fact, the metal of this bell is superior in this very important point of specific gravity to any bell-metal that I have examined, or have found any account of, and to the highest specific gravity which is given in any of the books for the densest alloy of copper and tin. The only exception to this remark is that, according to my

weighing, the specific gravity of some small clock bells, made by a man of the name of Drury (who is now either dead or retired from business), was exactly the same as this, if not a little higher. But I do not profess to have done it with the same nicety as the bits of metal in this Table (except the two first, which are taken from a book) were no doubt weighed with by Dr. Percy and Mr. Dick, at the Geological Museum, where also the analyses of this and the old Lincoln and York bells were made. And it is remarkable that there are no small clock bells to be got now equal either in density or quality to those of Drury's, who is believed to have had some secret mode of making them, as they contain nothing but the usual metals. It ought therefore to be made another condition with a bellfounder, that the specific gravity of his bells should not be less than 8.7; and this, you observe, is sensibly below any of the specific gravities in the above Table, except the very bad metal of the Doncaster peal of 1835, which was always complained of as inferior to the old peal which it replaced, though the new peal was a heavier one. About a year ago the founders of this bell were warned that it would not be passed by the referees, if the specific gravity came below this figure—at least, unless we were so perfectly satisfied with its sound as to render further inquiry unnecessary; and I convinced them by a simple experiment, first, that it was easy enough to test the soundness of the casting without breaking it; and secondly, that such a thick casting would not be sound, or at any rate, not of proper density, unless the mould was made so hot as not to chill and set the outside of the metal too soon. I may add, that I knew before the weighing of the bits for specific gravity, that it must be high enough, from the gross weight of the bell in proportion to its size and thickness; for if the specific gravity had been 8.7 instead of 8.9, the bell would have weighed 7 cwt. less—a quantity quite large enough for calculation even in a bell of 16 tons. I remember that the man who came down from Mears's to examine the old Doncaster bells of 1722 for recasting; under-estimated the weight of the tenor by 2½ cwt., no doubt judging of its weight according to what a bell of the same size and thickness would be when made of such metal as their new peal was. This bell is also so elastic, that I can make the clapper of 13 cwt. strike both ways, pulling it alone, and therefore of course to one side only; which I never found the case with any other bell. You will probably wish to hear something of the actual casting of the bell, which is by no means an easy operation, if we may judge from the much greater rarity of good large bells than of small ones. There was no bell in England above 3 tons weight, except perhaps the tenor of the peal at Exeter, equal to many that exist of half that weight. Sir Christopher Wren condemned and rejected the great bell of St. Paul's, for which the present was substituted in 1716; and that rejected bell was made by a founder whose bells, cast the same year as his St. Paul's bell, are still at St. Alban's, and are very good ones. The present St. Paul's bell is itself inferior to that of Bow and the old York Minster bells; and both the Lincoln and York Minster bells are feeble and unsatisfactory, though the same foundry, until the last thirty or forty years, turned out many very good bells of smaller but yet considerable weight. The metal was twice melted, as it is for making speculums. It was first run into ingots of bell-metal in a common furnace, and then those ingots were melted and run into the mould from a reverberatory furnace, in which the fuel does not touch the metal, but the flame is carried over and reflected down upon it from the top, or dome over the melting hearth. The ingots were only in this furnace 2½ hours before the metal was ready for running, as the alloy of copper and tin melts, as usual with alloys, at a much lower heat than the most obstinate of the two metals requires alone; and the whole 16 tons were run into the mould in five minutes. I understand that quick casting is essential to the securing of sound casting. Messrs. Warner make their moulds in a different way from

usual. First of all a hollow core is built up of bricks, and straw, and clay, and made to fit the inside of the bell by being swept over with a wooden pattern or sweep, turning on a vertical axis through the middle of the core. For bells of moderate size they keep a number of different sized cores of cast-iron, instead of building them up of bricks; and the iron cores are covered with the loam as before. They are easily lifted into a furnace to be dried and heated, whereas the brick ones must have the fire lighted within them. But the great difference is in the outside mould, or cope. Generally a clay bell is made on the top of the core, the outside being turned by another sweep turning on the same vertical axis; and when this is dry, a third fabric of clay and straw is laid on the outside of the clay bell, and this is called the cope. When it is dry it is lifted off, and the clay bell broken away; the cope is then put on again, and the metal poured in where the clay bell was. Not only is this a very roundabout process, but without great care in putting the cope on again, the bell is apt to come out not uniform in thickness all round. I have seen broken bells twice as thick on one side as the other. Messrs. Warner's plan is to make the cope of iron larger than would fit the bell; that is lined with the casting loam, which is turned by an inside instead of an outside sweep, and the junction being between an iron plate at the bottom of the core, and the flanch at the bottom of the cope, they can be fitted together more accurately than the clay core and cope can be, and moreover bolted together, so as to resist the bursting pressure of the melted metal, instead of having to rely merely on the sand with which the pit is filled, and such weights as may be laid upon it. The core and cope were both made very hot before the pit was closed in with sand; for that is still necessary to prevent too rapid cooling, which makes bell-metal soft, and what you may call rotten in texture, and indeed, if it is rapid enough, will make it malleable. This bell was kept in the pit twelve days before the sand was taken out, and even then the cope was too hot to touch, and it was left two days more before it was taken off. It has now changed its colour so much from the effect of the London damp and air, that you must trust to my statement, that until it came here it presented that peculiar mottled appearance which is so much admired in organ pipes, rich in tin; in fact, a gentleman who came to look at it, immediately remarked its "fine silvery hue," with that inveterate propensity to discover silver in bell-metal, which seems to defy all chemical refutation. It is remarkable that the tin does not show itself in this way, if it is less than about  $\frac{1}{15}$  of the copper, i.e., about 23 per cent. of the alloy. I have now told you all that is likely to be interesting about the construction of this bell, so far as its shape and composition affect the sound. But the description would be incomplete without a short notice of another feature in the design, very subordinate indeed to those which I have yet spoken of, but still not insignificant: I mean the construction of that part of the bell by which it is to be hung. The common, indeed I may say the universal method, for no other has been ever used for large bells, is to cast six ears or loops on the top or crown of the bell, which are technically called *canons*, and through which certain iron hooks and straps are put to fasten the bell to the stock. Small bells may be securely enough hung by a single canon, or plug with a hole in it, like the common house or hand bells, or in any equivalent way. This method of hanging by canons had long appeared to me unsatisfactory on account of its weakness; for not only has this metal no very great tenacity lengthwise, but the canons are always the weakest part of the casting, from being nearest to the top; and, I believe, there are few old peals in the kingdom in which some of the bells have not had their canons broken, and replaced by iron bolts put through holes drilled in the crown. Moreover, this method of hanging makes it troublesome and expensive to turn the bell in the stock, to present a new surface to the clapper when it is worn thin in

one place, and many bells have been cracked in consequence. A Mr. Baker took out a patent a few years ago for several new modes of hanging, for the purpose of enabling bells to be turned in the stock. The first is simply making a hole in the crown and hanging the bell by a single large bolt, which also spreads out into the staple to carry the clapper. The objection to this is, that nobody would like to trust the weight of a large swinging bell to a single bolt if he could use several instead; because, although a single bolt can of course be made large enough to carry anything, yet if there is any flaw or bad workmanship in it, the result would be something frightful with a large bell; at any rate, nobody who expressed an opinion about it on either of the two occasions when it was exhibited at the Institute of Architects, nor any one whom I have consulted about the making or hanging of the Westminster bells, nor indeed anybody anywhere whose opinion is worth mentioning, so far as I can learn, approves of such a mode of hanging a large bell like this, even though it does not swing, and therefore I declined Mr. Baker's invitation to adopt it. His other method, as described in a recent pamphlet and in his specification, is to cast a thickish pipe on the top of the bell, which is to go through the stock and be fastened with a large nut, just as his iron bolt was in the other plan; only the clapper bolt is now independent and goes through this pipe, and is held by another smaller nut on the top of it. This seems to me to combine the two vices of the weakness of canons and the risk of a single bolt in the most complete manner, with the addition of a thread cut on this bell-metal pipe, which is about as weak a construction as possible. I should think no person in his senses would use such a plan: in fact, Mr. Baker himself did not seem to contemplate using it, but only put it into his patent, as patentees do, with the object of securing possession of every possible new method of doing the thing in question they can think of: but as patentees also do sometimes, he left out at least one method which is better than those which he put in, and that is the following:—On the top of the bell is cast what has been called a button and a mushroom; and either name will do well enough, except that a mushroom has not a hole through it, and buttons have more than one. It is in fact a very thick short neck, with a strong flanch round the top, which is fastened to the stock, in moderate sized bells, merely by bolts with hooked ends; and in very large ones, by bolts passed through a collar, bolted together in two pieces. The clapper (if there is one) is hung by a separate bolt, which goes through the hole in the neck, and through the stock; and it has nothing to do with carrying the weight of the bell, unless you like to make it with a shoulder, so as to help the outside bolts. By this method you hang the bell by a lump of its own metal as large as you choose to make it; and besides that, when the bell is worn in one place, it can be turned round to present another after you have loosened the bolts a little. Clock hammers wear the surface of a bell so little compared with ringing, that these Westminster bells are not likely to want turning for fifty or one hundred years, and therefore in this case that advantage is not of so much consequence as usual, or as obtaining the safest possible mode of hanging; but as the power of turning happens to be consistent with hanging the bell in the strongest way, we all agreed in adopting this, except that the founders rather regretted the loss of the canons as an ornamental finish to the bell. Anybody who has happened to read the aforesaid pamphlet, which Mr. Baker has very diligently circulated, will see his drawings of all the three methods (I mean his own two patented methods, and my unpatented one), and will see also that he has persuaded himself, after the manner of patentees, that my "mushroom" (the name which I think he himself gave it), held up under the stock by four or six bolts, is identical with his pipe going through the stock, and fastened on the top by a nut—a point on which I have heard yet no opinion but one, that his own drawings are the best answer to his claim. I shall conclude by giving you as complete a list as

I have been able to make out, of all the large bells in the world, except in China, where the bells are of a different and inferior form. It is substantially the same as that given in the 'Lectures on Church Building' before referred to, but with a few additions and corrections. I do not believe that the recorded weights of several large bells can be correct, because they are inconsistent with the dimensions, which are much more likely to be right. The bells of Sens and Exeter especially, cannot possibly weigh as much as is stated for them, viz., 15 tons and  $5\frac{1}{2}$  tons respectively. Indeed, I am so convinced of that, that I shall put them in the table at 13 tons and  $4\frac{1}{2}$  tons, and I believe that will be above the real weight rather than below it. The Erfurt bell may, perhaps, be as heavy as is stated, because I believe it is a thick one; and from its celebrated quality, the specific gravity is certain to be high. I doubt whether the Paris bell is as heavy as that of Montreal, because its diameter is the same, and its thickness less throughout. To be sure, the specific gravity of the Montreal bell is probably no better than that of the late Doncaster bell-metal, from the same foundry; and therefore I have left the reputed weight in the table for the Paris bell, though from other calculations I still doubt its accuracy. On the other hand, I am certain that the weight of the two great Russian bells is very much underrated. There can be no mistake about the thickness of the large one, because a piece is broken out high enough for a man to walk through upright, and as I said before, the shape so nearly agrees with that of our bell, that the weight cannot be very different from that given by the ratio of the cubes of the diameters, and that would make it nearly 250 tons, which I suppose is much the largest casting in the world. And the other Russian bell, being 18 feet wide, must be 110 tons, according to the Westminster scale, instead of 64, which is the recorded weight. I might have added several other Russian bells to the list, from Lyall's book, all of great weights, but it seemed hardly worth while, as everybody knows already that the Russians have surpassed all the world in the magnitude of their scale of bellfounding, and two or three instances prove as much as twenty. I have stopped the list at four tons. After these would come the single bells of Canterbury, Gloucester, and Beverley Minster, and the tenor bells of the peals of Exeter and York, St. Mary-le-Bow, St. Saviour's, and Sherbourne, which run from  $3\frac{1}{2}$  to 24 tons.

List of Bells.

BELLS.	Weight.	Diameter.	Thickness.	Note.	Clapper or Hammer.
Moscow, 1736, broken 1737 ...	250 P	22 8	23	...	...
Another, 1817 ...	110 P	18 0	...	...	of bell
Three others ...	16 to 31	...	...	...	...
Novogorod ...	31 0	...	...	...	...
Otmutz ...	17 18	...	...	...	...
Vienne, 1711 ...	17 14	9 10	...	...	...
Westminster, 1856 ...	15 18 3	9 5 3	9 1	E	12 wt.
Erfurt, 1497 ...	13 15	8 7 1	...	F	...
Paris, 1680 ...	12 16	8 7	7 1	...	6 1/2 "
Sens ...	13 P	8 7	...	...	...
Montreal, 1847 ...	12 15	8 7	8 1	F	...
Cologne, 1448 ...	11 3	7 11	...	G	...
Breslaw, 1507 ...	11 0	...	...	...	...
Gorlitz ...	10 17	...	...	...	...
Bruges, 1680 ...	10 15	8 4	8	F sharp	4 "
York, 1845 ...	10 5	...	...	G	...
St. Peter's, Rome ...	8 0	...	...	...	...
Oxford, 1680 ...	7 12	7 0	6 1	...	80 lbs.
Lucerne, 1636 ...	7 11	...	...	G	...
Halsberstadt, 1457 ...	7 10	...	...	...	...
Antwerp ...	7 3	...	...	...	...
Brussels ...	7 1 1/2	...	...	G sharp	...
Dantzic, 1453 ...	6 1	...	...	...	...
Lincoln, 1834 ...	5 8	6 10 1/2	6	A	150 "
St. Paul's, 1716 ...	5 4	6 9	...	A	180 "
Ghent ...	4 18	...	...	...	...
Boulogne, new ...	4 18	...	...	...	...
Exeter, 1675 ...	4 10 1/2	6 4	5	A	75 "
Old Lincoln, 1610 ...	4 8	6 3 1/2	...	B flat	...
Fourth quarter-bell, Westminster, 1857 ...	4 0	6 0	5 1/2	B	...

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—B.L.S.; T.T.; K.; P.R.R.—received.



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